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THE NATION

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America Abroad

Our Image of Their Problems

ELDON KENWORTHY

'Any Action?'

The Acid Rock Vigil

KENNETH G. GROSS

NIXON vs. the CONSUMER

WILLIS PARK ROKES

Civil Disobedience: Moral or Not?
Carl Cohen on Howard Zinn

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LETTERS

civil liberties in Taiwan

We print below parts of a letter written recently by Robert Merideth, director of American Studies at Miami University, Oxford, O., to the Foreign Ministry of the Republic of China, Taipei, Taiwan:

DEAR SIRS: I want to bring to your attention the August 1, 1968, trial of Chen-Yu-hsi at Ching-mei, Taiwan. The procedures of the trial; the series of events preceding it; the repressive quality of the "charges" against Mr. Chen: all of these seem to me—as they seem also, I'm sure, to thousands of others in the academic community—to violate elementary principles of academic freedom and civil liberty. If the report of the Board of Directors of the Student Faculty-Union, University of Hawaii, is only half-true—and I have no reason to suppose it is not all true—such events suggest a great failure to understand what the image of a "free world" seeks to imply.

May I remind you that in no sense in a free world is it "subversive" to (a) read the Thoughts of Mao or anything in the Oriental section of the University of Hawaii's East-West Center Library, or to (b) write articles for any journal, "leftist" or not—the two primary "charges" against Mr. Chen, for which he has been sentenced to seven years in prison. When such "charges" are "confessed" to under duress, then when the "confession" is repudiated in court, furthermore, one begins to suspect a failure to understand not only the substance of freedom but, as well, the process due it. . . .

Robert Merideth

decentralization

Elizabeth, N.J.

DEAR SIRS: Please bring this letter to the attention of Max Gordon, whose letter (on labor and race) you published Nov. 18.

As one who has just voted for Gregory and Frost, supported integration and still do, as well as urging compensatory promotion of civil service employees. I am opposed to the take-over of public schools by neighborhood gangs (for window dressing called "community boards") of any color.

Since Mr. Gordon has a good grasp of historical movements, perhaps he can tell me why the black coalition now includes the Ford Foundation, Park Avenue luminaries, Wall Street philanthropists and other "intellectuals" whose children attend private schools?

Isn't this long-overdue black revolution really an aborted revolution? Should you ask sacrifices of workers "who have just made it" without attacking the citadels of power? Shouldn't we be decentralizing Ford Motor Co. and Consolidated Edison, for example?

Eleanor Genesson

Fort Hood sit-down

Copiague, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: A slight correction in your editorial "Brothers in Arms" [Oct. 28] discussing the Fort Hood soldiers who refused to go to Chicago to fight dissidents against Mayor Daley.

Your phrasing gives the impression that forty-three soldiers were involved, possibly because that's how many are standing trial. Actually, 119 soldiers refused to go, all from the same company, and the forty-three who are being tried were selected almost at random, with emphasis on those thought to be the leaders of the "mutineers."

Thomas W. O'Malley

EDITORIALS

Money Jungle

After a brief cooling-off period following the gold and dollar crises of last March, the international monetary pot is once again boiling. Partly because of the pressure front between the stable, non-inflationary West German economy and the crisis-racked inflationary French economy, the world's "hot" money has been sucked from its former haven in France into Germany; in one day alone $500 million worth of currencies poured into the Bundesbank in pursuit of the mark. As a result there are now daily forecasts of an upward valuation of the mark and/or a downward valuation of the franc (both strongly resisted by their respective governments), with profit-seeking speculators doing their best to make these prophecies come true. While the mark and the franc are at the center of the conflagration, the pound and the dollar await their turn (as the price of gold creeps upward). In short, the whole jerry-built structure of the international monetary system is once again threatening to collapse.

As *Nation* readers should by now be aware, the recurring international financial crises have at their root an economic power struggle between the United States and Continental Europe. (See "The Dollar Invades Europe," *The Nation*, September 18, 1967, and "Arena of Gold: Europe Defies the Dollar," *The Nation*, September 23, 1968.) At the center of the conflict is Europe's attempt to turn its vast hoard of gold and dollars—painstakingly accumulated from the United States over two decades, as the latter acquired an enormous investment in European factories—into real economic power. Thus Europe's greatest hope for meeting the "American challenge" rests on its financial power. Unfortunately for the Europeans, while this power gives them benefits such as a limited veto over U.S. foreign and economic policy, the threat that it may be used also helps to promote international monetary uncertainties and crises.

The past weeks' events should have made clear that underneath the veneer of cooperation which glosses the international monetary system, the law of the jungle still operates. The post-World War II system worked fine as long as the United States was the solitary lion and could enforce stability with its undisputed power. Now that European "tabbies" have grown into (non-paper) tigers and are jockeying with the United States and each other for a place in the sun, the environment has become inherently unstable. This instability is then worsened by the wolf-pack speculators, who collectively leap at the throat of the first currency which threatens to lose its footing in the struggle.

Given this situation, whether or not the latest bout of speculation leads to immediate currency changes is less important than the fact that the prospects for orderly reform of the international monetary system appear extremely dim. According to an unidentified IMF expert quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* (November 18), "For all practical purposes it would be impossible to put through an orderly realignment" of major currency relationships. If

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this be so, the classic words of Thomas Hobbes about the condition of men seeking power without a common sovereign, the "warre of every man against every man," may become distressingly pertinent to nations: "and the life of man, solitary, poore, nasty, brutish."

MICHAEL TANZER

A Helm for the House

A leaderless, indecisive Democratic Party is the last thing Richard Nixon wants in the 91st Congress. He knows that a disorganized, ineffective opposition, with a mandate to control the House of Representatives but no muscle to do so, would make governing the country exceedingly difficult. The new President and his liaison aides must be able to rely on the ability of Democratic leaders to deliver what they promise, whether the word is yea or nay.

A number of Democratic Congressmen also realize that the country, as well as the party, will be in more trouble than otherwise unless cohesive leadership is established in the House. Thus a revolution of sorts is brewing among strong Democrats who are close to, but not of, the established holders of party positions. Early press reports have labeled the rebels "liberal House Democrats," but when the force rises to the political surface, it will turn out that the real movers are men not accustomed to that appellation.

Party caucuses before Congress convenes will bring the matter into the open. A cadre of Congressmen who have an opportunity to talk to one another on the Ways and Means Committee have decided that the Democrats lost the Presidential election because party leadership flunked the test of the Chicago convention. They don't blame the shambles on Hubert Humphrey. Aging John McCormack, Speaker of the House, did not play an active role and seemed to be uninterested in the proceedings. Carl Albert, majority leader and personally popular, was recovering from illness and lacked the will and stamina to gavel order out of the stockyard chaos that raised, rightly or wrongly, the question of Mr. Humphrey's ability to unify and lead the troops. Though how he might have managed it remains unclear, Majority Whip Hale Boggs, a Ways and Means member, is chided for not having done more to preserve face and decrease abrasions among the delegations, who spent most of their Chicago time fighting the Credentials Committee instead of worrying about the party.

The cadre would like to see Rep. Wilbur Mills, chairman of Ways and Means, run for Speaker. Mr. Mills deeply respects Speaker McCormack, although he realizes that the old man can't carry the burdens of the job and that much of the membership feels he was too close to the White House during the previous Congress. Mr. Mills doesn't want to hurt McCormack's feelings, but the pressure on him to run is building. It is apparently most intense from (in the order of their seniority) Reps. John C. Watts, Kentucky; Al Ullman, Oregon; Dan Rostenkowski, Illinois; and Phillip Mitchell Landrum, Georgia.

Their insistence isn't strictly partisan. Whether or not

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they plan to support most of his activities, they believe that the new President, and the country, should have the benefit of more effective leadership in the House of Representatives. They also know that their necks are stuck out beyond the limits of political prudence, but the word is that they are determined not to retreat. Though this may sound contradictory, Mr. Nixon will be a weaker President if they do.

Bulletproof Illusions

Investigations of violence and conferences on the subject are the order of the day from coast to coast. Are we indeed obsessed with violence, as some suggest, or is security our hang-up? At a recent Stanford University symposium, two psychiatrists recommended that Presidents and Presidential candidates be prohibited by law from close contact with large crowds. "Mixing with the people," they said, "is a strongly embedded concept in the political tradition of the United States, but it has proved to be an accomplice of assassination."

If this recommendation were to be adopted, it would mean, in effect, that Presidents and candidates for the office would be largely restricted to the electronic media in their attempts to communicate with the American people. The two psychiatrists pointed out that "French President Charles de Gaulle has survived three assassination attempts over the past few years. What are the various protection systems employed? Answers to these questions might add useful information bearing on the protection of American Presidents."

The Nation is happy to be able to supply this useful information. On November 18, President de Gaulle took delivery of a new Citroen to replace the one he has used since 1954. Neither model is provided with any special protective equipment, such as bulletproof glass or heavy plating. By contrast, the latest limousine ordered for President Johnson resembles a de luxe, custom-built mobile fortress.

An obsession with security systems advertises the vulnerability of public officials; it cannot insure their protection. Nor can a political leader function from within an air-conditioned vault. The assassin is always the ruler's faithful attendant. The temper of the times may reduce the menace; "precautions" carried to ostentatious ceremony only invite the dagger.

But it is not "fatalism" alone which prompts such leaders as President de Gaulle, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, Mayor John V. Lindsay—or that prompted John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy—to insist on appearing before large gatherings. Rather it is a sense of the fitness of things. A democratic leader who moves among his constituents in fear and trembling—protected by shatterproof glass, a bulletproof vest, heavy steel plating and a small army of security personnel—betrays a dangerous lack of confidence in the people as well as in the quality of his own leadership. And a people that insists on such measures to protect its leaders betrays a touching confidence in symbolic gadgetry as a means of frustrating assassins.

Domestic Arms Race

The same obsession with security is reflected in the fantastic upsurge in the sale of firearms. From a story in the *Los Angeles Times* (November 10), one learns the following: The average monthly sale of handguns has increased over a seven-year period at a rate wholly disproportionate to population increase. Last April, when Dr. King was assassinated, 26,057 Californians purchased handguns, by comparison with 11,067 in April, 1967. Last June, when Senator Kennedy was assassinated, 6,683 more handguns were sold than during the month of June, 1967. Authorities now estimate that there is one gun for every resident of the state of California—or something like 20 million guns in all. In the period from 1963 to 1967, the annual sale of rifles increased from 875,000 to 1,882,000; shotgun sales from 603,000 to 1,515,000; handgun sales from 596,000 to 1,182,000.

Gun dealers in California report that the sharp increase in the sale of firearms, particularly handguns, stems from a fixation on security, notably home protection. Most dealers view the possession of a handgun for home protection as "pretty silly." One of them is quoted as saying: "I don't think two-thirds of these people who are buying guns would know how or are qualified to use them." The same dealer told of selling a gun to a 72-year-old lady who was so nervous she could scarcely pull the trigger when he was showing her how to use it.

Three levels of arms buying are present in the new private arms race: by private citizens, black and white; by the police; and by paramilitary organizations. The all-white North Ward Committee in Newark, N.J., has encouraged its membership of 1,500 to own guns. The Home Defense Organization of Long Beach, Calif., assures its membership that "insurrection is at hand" and that they should therefore arm themselves. The Black Panther Party in Oakland has said that every black man should have "a shotgun, a .337 magnum or a .38 in his pad to defend it."

What the reports of the new private arms race indicate is that, as a people, we are obsessed not so much with violence as with security. And we seem to believe that security can be bought. For example, Gallup polls have shown since 1938 that at least two-thirds, and more often about 75 per cent, of the American people have favored more stringent registration or licensing of guns or gun owners. Such a strong and consistent opinion in favor of more stringent regulation, expressed over a period of three decades, hardly shows an appetite for violence per se or an obsession with it. However, the upsurge of firearms sales, correlated with particular events—riots, assassinations and the like—does suggest that many people believe that a gun provides a measure of security for person and property.

We exhibit the same obsession with security in our foreign policy. We are a nation armed to the teeth—not because we have a lust for violence but because we believe that a fantastic overkill capability will protect us from violence. The danger in all this is that an obsession with security can and does set the stage for violence, because it derives from fear and stimulates fear in others.

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Odd Consensus

A year ago the Greek Embassy in Washington was boasting that more than 90 per cent of Greek-American newspapers and radio programs supported the Athens junta. In an editorial of November 6, 1967, *The Nation* asked what reasons might be suggested for this implausible behavior on the part of the Greek-American press, and advised that a Congressional investigation be launched to ascertain the facts behind it.

Today the pro-junta Greeks, or Greek-Americans, suggest that almost 98 per cent of all Greek publications abroad (not merely in the United States) favor the military-backed government in Athens. They allege that the constitutional referendum of September 29 showed that 92 per cent of Greeks themselves are in support of the regime. Apart from the fact that the referendum was a mockery of democratic process, these figures leave open the question as to why Greek publications in the free world should be even more enthusiastic about a dictatorship than are the Greeks who live under its martial law. The easy answer (as in a letter to *The New York Times* from Mr. George Vranopoulos, Greek Consul General in New York) is to claim that practically every Greek-American is pro-junta.

Another strong suspicion is that the government in Athens is trying to influence, and even control, Greek publications and radio programs abroad, especially in the United States. Reliable sources report that the junta, in addition to using a variety of inducements to bring Greek-American newspapers into line, resorts to threats—in a sense exporting terrorism to the free countries.

A letter just received from Mrs. Helen Vlachos, former publisher of two conservative daily newspapers in Athens, and now living in London, states that she was "forced" to suspend publication of the English-language anti-junta monthly *Hellenic Review*, which she started in England after her escape from Greece:

> It is with great regret that we announce the suspension of the publication of the *Hellenic Review*. It is not possible at this time to explain fully the reasons which have forced this decision upon us. We hope that this will be possible in the future.
>
> The decision to suspend publication does not imply that the magazine during the five months of its existence has failed in its objectives. On the contrary . . . the very success of the *Hellenic Review* is, paradoxically, one of the reasons for its suspension. . . . We cannot believe that the present situation will last forever.

Mrs. Vlachos cannot explain her reasons at the present time, but her husband, Admiral C. Loundras, who did not manage to escape with her, was arrested last September on a trivial charge and sentenced to eighteen months at hard labor. There have been other harassments against Mrs. Vlachos' immediate family. Friends of the junta, including some diplomats stationed in the United States, are active in denouncing and threatening foes of the dictators. Even if the anti-junta forces were a minority (they are probably, in fact, the overwhelming majority), they should be able to express their views freely in America and elsewhere in the free world.

Editor Against Apartheid

The Soviet Union has Pyotr Grigoryevich, and South Africa has Lawrence Gandar. Grigoryevich is the decorated—and cashiered—major general who inveighs publicly in Moscow against the arbitrary exercise of state power. Gandar is an editor who attacks apartheid in Johannesburg. Political gadflies are bred by repression; the only way to get rid of them is to kill or imprison them—and that is awkward, once they become internationally known.

Time, *The Economist* and *The New York Times* helped to make Gandar famous, but of course the government of South Africa played the cardinal role and, helplessly, continues to play it. The government *must* prosecute Gandar, for he defies it and other editors might follow his example. But even in South Africa, prosecution means publicity.

The press is free in the land of apartheid, in the sense that there is no official censorship. Control is by intimidation, and most of the press is intimidated. Not, however, the Johannesburg *Rand Daily Mail*, which Gandar edits.

As early as 1959, the government responded to reports of abuse of black prisoners by passing the Prisons Act. Among other provisions this made it illegal to publish information concerning the administration of prisons "without taking reasonable steps to verify such information, the onus of proving that reasonable steps were taken . . . being upon the accused." In practice, "reasonable steps" would involve clearing reports with the commissioner of prisons —who would deny any abuses. Whereupon another provision, against publishing "false information," would come into play. For the government's purposes, it was a well-conceived statute.

In 1965 Harold Strachan, an artist and former air force lieutenant, came to Gandar with information obtained during a three-year term as a political prisoner. He had seen black prisoners whipped, kicked and tortured with shocks from an electrotherapy machine. After securing affidavits from Strachan, two wardens and two ex-prisoners, Gandar published.

The government moved first against Gander's sources, all of whom were convicted of making false statements, on the strength of testimony from a string of government witnesses. Strachan went back to jail for eighteen months, and other defense witnesses were similarly handled. With the informants convicted, the state could proceed against Gandar and Benjamin Pogrund, the reporter who wrote the articles. Both face minimum penalties of two years.

But in the earlier trials proof of abuse of black prisoners was spread on the record. For instance, the prosecution did not dispute the evidence that prisoners were tortured with electric shocks. The contention that Gandar had published false information was based on the fact that such torture was not an everyday occurrence.

Gandar himself is now on trial. He and his paper are already punished: They have been harassed for three years and defense costs so far total £140,000, with more to come. But he said in court that not to publish "would have been a dereliction of duty, a suppression of a matter of vital public concern." By all indications the government of South Africa will pay dearly for whatever it manages to do to him; in fact, it has already paid.

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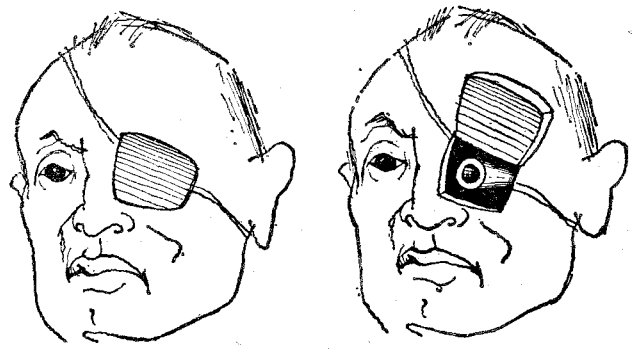
UN: KEEPING THE POWDER DRY

ANNE TUCKERMAN

A member of a Western country's delegation to the UN, asked recently why his ambassador was attending a reception at the Soviet Mission in New York when Soviet receptions in other capitals were boycotted by top diplomats because of the occupation of Czechoslovakia, replied that "the UN is a place where we keep antifreeze in our radiator at all times." This quip may provide a realistic assessment of the role of the world body in the political field.

For the moment, the well-serviced car has little place to go. It has not even started down the road of a Middle East settlement. The hopes for some definite "movement" during the present session of the General Assembly have been dampened by the return to their capitals of the foreign ministers of the U.A.R., Jordan and Israel, after a prolonged stay at UN headquarters and numerous meetings with Ambassador Gunnar Jarring, representative of the Secretary-General. Yet, on the first anniversary of the Security Council resolution of November 22, 1967, which created Dr. Jarring's mission and outlined the major principles for a solution, political observers console themselves with the thought that the Swedish diplomat's mission is very much alive (if not well) and that, for the first time since the Six Day War, proposals by the parties have been passed around through his good offices.

It would be erroneous at this stage to speak of the start of a "dialogue" between Jerusalem and Cairo. That is the constant aim of Israel, an aim pursued by the latest Israeli memorandum handed to Mr. Jarring. This document offers Israel's position on many key issues and goes on to ask the U.A.R. whether it concurs and, if not, what is its attitude on questions like secure borders, refugees, free navigation through Suez and Tiran and, most important, its definition of peace. So far, the Egyptian Government has refused to play the game. It has a game of its own: the U.A.R.'s foreign minister, Mahmoud Riad, has proclaimed that his country is ready to apply in full the Security Council resolution of November 22, setting forth among the fundamentals of a settlement the evacuation by Israel of Arab territories conquered in the June war, the cessation of belligerency, the right of Israel to secure and recognized borders, freedom of navigation, etc. Mr. Riad asserts that this is to be done in whatever order Dr. Jarring may think best, under a guarantee of the Security Council, thus indicating that the Israeli withdrawal may not have to be a precondition to the other points. This attitude naturally entails a challenge to Israel to accept the November 22nd resolution as a working program.

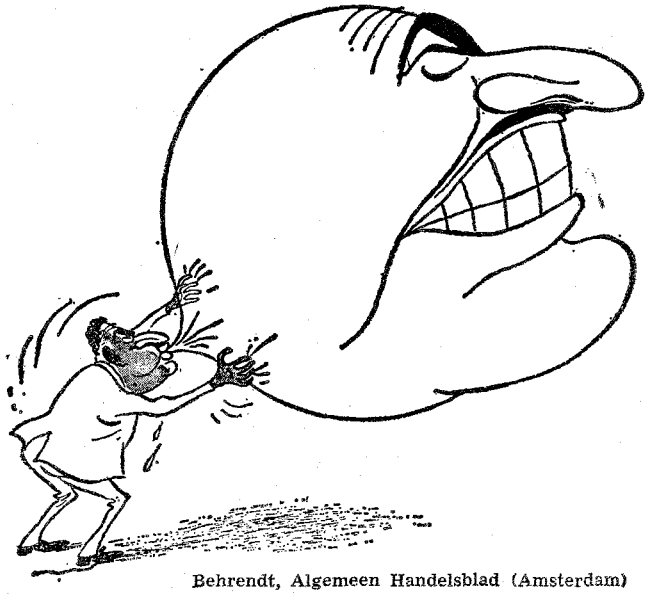


Picha, The Special (Belgium)

General Dayan

Israel is balking. It considers the resolution as a "framework" or a "skeleton," to use Abba Eban's words, the flesh to be provided by negotiated settlements between the parties on each point covered. In his view, a guarantee of the Security Council might be imposed by the big powers over the heads of the parties, and cannot replace a signature, however reluctant, of an Arab state in the area.

This is the stalemate which Ambassador Jarring, having once more agreed to extend his mission, will try again to break, probably in Geneva. Behind this diplomatic blindman's buff one finds on both sides a firm desire, shared by all the big powers and the Secretary-General, to keep the mechanism of mediation well oiled, in spite of frequent border incidents—and even more because of them.



Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)

Dialogue with Israel

The anxiety over the possible escalation of these incidents into a new major conflict in the Middle East adds one more concern to a world where the Soviet move into Czechoslovakia has suddenly cast a big new shadow, even while the Vietnamese War appears to be on the wane. There is a great deal of bewilderment today at the direction of international relations, and the UN is sharing in this puzzlement. The transformation of the compact postwar alliance set up at San Francisco into a 126-member speech factory, with a high degree of irresponsibility, adds to its impotence.

Any new initiative must spring from the major powers, and it is not likely to appear until Richard Nixon is well in the saddle. It is conceivable that the next President

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may, in his turn, engage in a grand negotiation with Moscow in order to de-escalate the costly missile race and to reintroduce regional stability in Vietnam, in Central Europe, and in the Middle East and the Mediterranean (where Soviet expansion is a recent fact of life not foreseen in big-power arrangements after World War II).

Mr. Nixon's past pronouncements do not indicate that he has any strong interest or trust in the United Nations as an instrument for U.S. foreign policy. However, he may not depart much from the practice of the Johnson Administration, which used the UN in a limited way, mostly to help formulate details emanating from common interests which already existed in broad lines between Washington and Moscow. This was the case with the nonproliferation treaty or the cease-fire resolutions on the Middle East. The composition of the Security Council in 1969, where the neutralists are for the first time in a majority, will certainly not encourage the next President of the United States to seek its blessing for his decisions.

It is now likely that the UN, in the foreseeable future, will devote its most constructive activity to international cooperation in the technical and social fields—to problems of human environment, like air and sea pollution, the exploitation of sea resources, or communication by satellites, while maintaining its chairs well upholstered for informal diplomatic approaches and its peace-keeping mechanism in good running order—against the day when they are again called into use.

NIXON vs. the CONSUMER

WILLIS PARK ROKES

Mr. Rokes is professor of Government and Business at the University of Nebraska at Omaha. He recently served as consultant to the Advisory Panel on Insurance in Riot-Affected Areas of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders.

Richard M. Nixon recently announced that he intends to abolish the office of Presidential Assistant on Consumer Affairs, currently held by Betty Furness. His idea is that the consumer must be "encouraged to protect himself"—*caveat emptor*. He has also made the inconsistent announcement that consumer welfare will be "the explicit responsibility of every department and agency head." This general admonishment also seems odd, since Nixon simultaneously announced that he intends to put the brakes on activities of the regulatory agencies. He established the temper of his position in a letter of last September which criticized the Securities and Exchange Commission for proposing changes too abruptly in the rate structure of brokerage commissions. Elsewhere, he has deplored "excessive" involvement of both the regulatory agencies and the Executive branch in private enterprise.

Nixon's actions in the Securities and Exchange matter are the more noteworthy because in recent years the SEC has shown conspicuous reluctance to enforce vigorously laws designed to protect the public interest, and particularly laws that relate to the huge monopoly exchanges and their members. A case in point is the decision of the SEC to delay hearings on charges that Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc., misused inside information about transactions of Douglas Aircraft stock. Observers believe the two parties are moving toward a settlement without hearing. If there is any truth in the allegations, the case is of a magnitude that demands public airing.

Mr. Nixon has made it clear that he will play down the subject of consumer legislation and will be hostile to activist regulatory policies. But the President-elect is naively optimistic if he believes that he can throw a blanket of indifference over the area of consumer protection. An examination of events in recent years gives a better forecast of probable developments.

A relatively few years ago consumer affairs enjoyed very little attention either in the halls of Congress or in books and the press. Today the subject is hot and it lacks the political partisanship that might encourage a President-elect to suppose that he might cool the concern. A host of laws relating to consumer affairs has been passed during the last four years, including the Wilderness Act of 1964, the Water Quality Standards Act of 1965, the National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act of 1966, the 1966 Truth in Packaging Act, the Wholesome Meat Act of 1967, the Air Quality Act of 1967, acts creating national parks and recreation areas in 1968, the new Truth in Lending Law (which will take effect in July, 1969), and other legislation.

At the same time, a Democrat-dominated Congress has become interested in door-to-door sales fraud and deception, auto insurance reform, hazardous radiation from color TV sets and other electronic equipment, poultry and fish inspection, automobile warranties, and many other matters directly affecting the American consumer.

Mr. Johnson created the office of Presidential Assistant on Consumer Affairs in January, 1964, and named Esther Peterson, an assistant secretary of the Department of Labor, to the post. He charged Mrs. Peterson with the responsibility to make certain "that the voice of the consumer will be loud, clear and uncompromising in the White House." Taking her work seriously and President Johnson's instructions literally, Mrs. Peterson played her role as "guardian of the gullible" by focusing public attention on manufacturers and retailers who resorted to deceptive labeling, packaging and pricing. She crisscrossed the country, organizing consumer conferences and censuring petty-minded manufacturers who, in her words, find it "quite profitable to confuse."

At first the President gave Mrs. Peterson high praise, declaring that "through her dedication a new day has dawned for the American consumer." Unfortunately, the

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President was soon made to feel that the office was a political liability, particularly after Mrs. Peterson's Consumer Advisory Council recommended that a Cabinet-level Department of Consumers be established. The White House bottled up the report, and when the terms of the council members expired, no successors were named. Mrs. Peterson was relieved of her post at the White House. It was clear that the "voice of the consumer" had become too loud, clear and uncompromising.

To assuage the hurt feelings of businessmen, President Johnson, in March, 1967, appointed Betty Furness as his Presidential Assistant for Consumer Affairs. Since Miss Furness' only previous approach to consumer problems had been her famous refrigerator pitch on television, the appointment was greeted with more surprise than enthusiasm. "She doesn't know anything about consumer problems," complained Republican Rep. Robert Michel (Ill.). "This job is too sensitive to permit on-the-job training." One newspaper said of her appointment: "Incredible! Who's kidding whom?" Another remarked that President Johnson would use her appointment as a springboard "to get Batman for the aviation agency and Ed Sullivan for graves registration."

Ralph Nader stated: "Having her in that position is worse than having no consumer adviser to the President at all. It deludes the public into thinking they have a voice in the White House when they really don't."

Miss Furness' early activity in the office did little to dispel the skepticism. Avoiding criticism of specific products or industries, she took to the political stump, admonishing housewives across the country that they could be sure of protection in the market only if they put their trust in the President and the Democratic Party. "Let the people know which party really has their interests at heart!" she harangued the shoppers. "Let them know which party really cares about the consumer!" This approach must have made the President beam, but it did little to assure the consumer that he was represented at the White House.

However, in late 1967 the long dormant consumer protection movement caught fire, and it became politically astute to be associated with consumer legislation. Congress threatened to outdo the President in this area and Miss Furness was given the green light. She began hammering away on consumer affairs, distinguishing herself in testimony on the truth in lending legislation and in attacks on appliance makers and their unintelligible warranty statements. Her famous "I don't want maggots in my meat" at hearings on the meat-inspection bill infuriated the nation's packers and made obvious Mr. Johnson's new hard line on consumer protection. Her early critics were quick to admit that they had prematurely judged the lady. Last June, Miss Furness became one of the relatively few women ever invited to address the all-male National Press Club.

However, Mr. Johnson's Miss Furness was only one factor creating the legislative and popular interest in consumer affairs. One of the most effective catalysts was the dramatic disclosure in 1961 of the hazards in thalidomide. Sen. Estes Kefauver had introduced his drug reform amendments to the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act, only to see the bill gutted of all these safety provisions by the highly effective lobbying activities of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association and the American Medical Association—aided by their strong Congressional spokesmen, Sens. Everett Dirksen and Roman Hruska. Then the disclosure that a tranquilizing drug, thalidomide, had caused thousands of birth deformities in Europe focused America's usually apathetic public attention on the drug reform bill. The safety precautions were hurriedly put back and the act passed in 1962.

In the last few years a great number of consumer-oriented books have sold well. A few examples are Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death* (the mortuary business), *The Silent Spring* by Rachel Carson (indiscriminate use of insecticides), *The Quiet Crisis* by Stewart Udall (our vanishing natural resources and inadequate conservation policies) and *The Health Hucksters*, a follow-up to *The Bargain Hucksters*, by Ralph Lee Smith (market trickery and deception practiced by various industry lobbies). Other influential books have been *Overcharge* by Sen. Lee Metcalf (private electric utilities), *Monopoly* by Joseph C. Goulden (American Telephone & Telegraph), *The Mortality Merchants* by G. Scott Reynolds (life insurance), *The Dark Side of the Marketplace* by Sen. Warren G. Magnuson (consumer exploitation by large and small business), *God's Own Junkyard* by Peter Blake (the man-made mess which we call America), and *Not So Rich As You Think* by George R. Stewart ("of the waters, they made a cesspool; of the air, a depository for poisons; and of the good earth itself, a dump where rats nuzzled in piles of refuse"). Ralph Nader's *Unsafe At Any Speed*, perhaps the most celebrated of these books, might have received less attention if it had not come out that General Motors had hired detectives to investigate Nader's private life (GM executives later made handsome apologies).

Observers agree that support for consumer legisla-

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tion comes mainly from the middle- and upper-middle-income groups, the more articulate segment of the population. At the same time, such legislation and allied Executive action is of greatest benefit to the poor. Louis Harris, the pollster, sees two revolutions in America today. One is the revolt of the Negro; the other is a far more quiet one—the revolt of the educated people, those with some college education. Professionals dominate this group. They are the people who want consumer legislation, and they have relatively few of the ties to corporate structures that might restrain their social views. They represent only about 25 per cent of the present voting population, but by 1975 they will be 45 per cent. They do not identify with traditional party lines. One professional observer remarked of them that they are "the most educated, well-informed, finely tuned body of ticket splitters in the nation."

Splinter organizations, vocal individual spokesmen and isolated incidences of government action show the momentum of the consumer-interest drive. Consumers Union, publishers of *Consumer Reports*, which reaches 1,250,000 people each month, has taken a militant stance. Alarmed by the tendency of manufacturers to soften the effects of consumer legislation, Consumers Union is putting pressure on government to release the results of product research carried out with public funds. For example, it has brought suit against the Veterans Administration under the Public Information Act to compel release of VA tests on hearing aids. A new CR board member is Ralph Nader.

Consumer champions in Congress, conspicuously Sen. Warren G. Magnuson (D., Wash.), chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee; Sen. Philip Hart (D., Mich.), chairman of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee, and Rep. Leonor Sullivan (D., Mo.), chairman of a House banking subcommittee dealing with consumer affairs, have indicated that they have no intention of letting up on the matter. The Grocery Manufacturers of America is so convinced that federal emphasis on consumer questions will continue that it has established its own research institute to try to spot trouble ahead of the Washington watchdogs.

The Kansas legislature in 1967 created a Consumer Protection Division operating out of the Attorney General's office. According to the Council of State Governments, consumer agencies also exist in Hawaii, North Dakota, California, Connecticut, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Washington and Puerto Rico. In November, 1968, the Governor of Nebraska, its Attorney General, several Chambers of Commerce and two Better Business Bureaus announced creation of the Consumer Relations Association of Nebraska. (It remains to be seen what value this organization, made up primarily of business interests, will have for the consumer.)

Meanwhile, sentiment grows in Congress for a government department to represent the American consumer. Nader, who thinks a Department of Consumers might fall prey to bureaucracy, favors an Executive agency, an Office of Consumers' Counsel, to represent consumer interests before government regulators and the courts. Precedents for such a government function are to be found in almost every European nation, where agencies engage in product testing, publish the results, and subsidize consumer organizations. Only in the United States are such programs regarded as aimed at the destruction of free enterprise.

Fretting at the delay of government action, Nader has talked of establishing his own consumer protection office in Washington. Last summer, he recruited seven student volunteers from universities to do research in consumer protection. He is credited with goading the FTC into daring a bolder approach to consumer affairs, one result being its current hearings on consumer protection. Meanwhile, Nader continues to attract attention with speeches in which he declares that the United States "will see consumer demonstrations some day that will make civil rights demonstrations look small in comparison."

Some consumers' associations are proving themselves formidable. An example is the Association of California Consumers, which supported the Public Utilities Commission in its attack on the exorbitant telephone rates charged by the Bell System in that state. As a result, the California commission has a high reputation for zealous protection of the consumer.

Late in 1967, more than 500 representatives of sixty national and state consumer groups met in Washington for two days to create the Consumer Federation of America —in effect, a consumers' full-time national lobby. It is participating in the FTC consumer protection hearings mentioned earlier.

Mr. Nixon's proposed de-emphasis of consumer protection may have some effect on the activities of government agencies, but regulatory commission members do not submit their resignations with a change in administrations, and any shifts in personnel that Nixon wishes to make will come slowly, as fixed terms expire. Meanwhile, such men as Nicholas Johnson and Kenneth Cox of the FCC, Dr. Herbert L. Ley, Jr., of the FDA, Paul Rand Dixon of the FTC, and others can be expected to continue agitation on subjects of consumer concern. (Dixon can be removed from the FTC chairmanship by Nixon in January and may resign from the commission if so.)

The public may still be unable to express consistent opinions on consumer affairs, but a change is in the air —a prevalent unrest and a discontent capable of focusing quickly onto specific issues which affect the consumer's pocketbook, health and safety, or which offend his sense of justice and propriety. With 125,000 Americans injured each year by faulty heating devices (according to the U.S. Public Health Service), millions of automobiles returned to the factories because of potential safety defects, thousands of color TV sets needing modification because of potential radiation leaks, and 30,000 injuries per year caused by electrical extension cords, the emphasis on consumer protection must remain. With monopoly public utilities behaving like fiefdoms, with thousands of possibly dangerous drugs flooding the market, and with the great public disillusionment as to business guarantees and servicing, sales fraud and deception—plus countless additional areas of consumer concern—it is unlikely that the refreshing winds of consumer revolt will be abated, much less halted, by the bland unconcern of the Nixon approach.

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AMERICA ABROAD

OUR IMAGE OF THEIR PROBLEMS

ELDON KENWORTHY
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Our foreign policy derives from the kind of people we are and from the international environment in which we live. It is relatively simple, relatively long-term, and non-partisan.
Dean Rusk, May 1, 1967

For some years it has been fashionable to say that the deepest cleavage in international relations is no longer East-West but North-South: rich divided from poor, white from color, the first and second "worlds" from the third. Describing the world as he thought a Martian would see it, President Johnson spoke two years ago of peace and prosperity in the north—a region extending "deeply into the Soviet Union"—and of poverty and instability in the south. Since that time, our "northern" cities have been less than peaceful and "instability" in the world's south has seemed more than casually related to what we do there. The categories won't quite sort themselves out.

For many Americans evidence that our leaders do not understand the nature of social change at home casts new light on the blunders of their attempt to intervene abroad (Vietnam), and throws into question basic premises of foreign policy. To those led this far, listening to Republicans use against Democrats the arguments Democrats used against Republicans in 1960 (our international prestige, etc.) seems less important than attempting to sort out what is "long-term" and "nonpartisan" in our foreign policy. And this, many begin to suspect, may grow out of, if not "the kind of people we are" the kind of people we conceive ourselves to be. For like most human beings, Americans see others as they see themselves. Unlike most nations, however, ours acts on this perception in ways that affect people throughout the globe, and nowhere so strongly as among the vulnerable societies of the "south."

If in the thirties we began to solve the problem of recurring depressions, it was in large part because our leaders updated their image of the economy. The old image had led them onto counterproductive paths during downturns, and they thus aggravated the situation they sought to ameliorate. An analogous change may be needed today in our image of the Third World, a region as much an abstraction for most policy makers as the economy. It seems utopian, given that the flow of communications is so strongly from us to them, to hope that Americans could ever see the societies of the south simply as they are, in all their variety. Interpreting their struggles in terms of our own experience may be inescapable. It matters, however, *which* of our experiences we invoke.

For the present generation of leaders, particularly but not solely for Democrats, the New Deal is the relevant model. The depression had a decisive influence on their lives. Some of them experienced the "underdevelopment" of rural and small-town America in the years before cars, radios and federal programs became common. There was Rusk in rural Georgia, Johnson in rural Texas, Humphrey tending the family store in the small-town Midwest, even Nixon in the (then) backwaters of Southern California.[1] Add to this the normal human tendency to redefine unfamiliar problems in terms of ones already solved, and one can understand the appeal of a "New Deal" for the world's south. An alternative image lies closer at hand in today's interwoven urban conflicts of race and poverty. This, however, is a less genial view for political leaders to adopt, because American Government has yet to demonstrate that it can find solutions to social conflict as successful as the solutions it found for the business cycle.

To adopt this latter image for the Third World would entail admitting that we don't understand its problems, that we lack sure-fire solutions, and that as a consequence we might best retire to the side lines—or at least solve our own riddles before making prescriptions for others. Most pointedly, to abandon the New Deal analogy would deny Washington one of the rationalizations it frequently has used for intervening in the Third World. For this analogy, I would argue, is but an updated version of the Wilsonian idealism that cloaked American officiousness in the past. Whereas Wilson intervened in the Caribbean to bring democracy, meaning sound public administration, to the area ("I am going to teach the South American republics to elect good men," he is reported to have said), "development" justified Washington's active encouragement of the coup which toppled Brazil's Joao Goulart in 1964. Washington asserts that it knows what development is all about because the federal government "developed" the United States during and since the New Deal.

It would be silly to suggest that Washington lacks hard information on Third World countries, or does not weigh economic and strategic factors along with ideology and public opinion. Over recent decades, however, increasing publicity has been given foreign policy issues, particularly those with dramatic content. The public relations problem that Lyndon Johnson faces when he sends troops into Santo Domingo, or when CIA agents are discovered manipulating foundations engaged in overseas work, is far greater than anything Wilson or Taft confronted when they engaged in equivalent tactics. That is why the New

[1] In Dean Rusk's words: "Like millions of present-day North Americans, I spent my earliest years in what people now call underdeveloped circumstances. We were prescientific and pretechnical; we were without public health or medical care; typhoid, pellagra, hookworm and malaria were a part of the environment in which providence had placed us. Our schools were primitive. Our fathers and mothers earned a meager living with backbreaking toil: I remember well the bitter resistance before Franklin Roosevelt was able to win support for the Tennessee Valley Authority, that immense network of dams and power stations and fertilizer factories and agricultural extension offices which has wrought such miraculous changes in our South. But a succession of progressive leaders, determined to bring about social change within a framework of political consent, carried through an 'alliance for progress' within the United States."
The Winds of Freedom

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Deal model—this contemporary reincarnation of our self-image as a successful society with lessons to impart—is helpful. It plays, along with anti-communism, an important role in making acceptable to the American public acts that often exact a price in our lives, wealth or good name.

"Can sweeping changes be progressive and be peaceful?" President Johnson rhetorically asked a group of Latin Americans. "My country knows of this question. We are going through such a change even as I speak. It began in the nineteen-thirties. . . ." Republicans, while not making such explicit reference to the New Deal, have cited our "mission . . . to show others, by conduct and example, that a free society could produce good fruits," a mission that imposes on the United States the duty of "doing much for others without seeking for itself any extension of its political power" (John Foster Dulles, in a speech made a week before the CIA-sponsored invasion of Guatemala).

A classic statement of the view is found in a 1967 speech by Hubert Humphrey. (As the Johnson and Humphrey statements indicate, what we call the New Deal image embraces subsequent administrations, down to the present.) Like Dulles, Mr. Humphrey begins with an acute sense of the American mission:

> This New World has represented not just a new land to be exploited, not just a haven for the oppressed. Above all, it has signified a vision of a new human chance—an opportunity to create in a new world a society, a human political system, which would make possible a truly human life.

The speech concerned Latin America, also a resident of the New World; but to the south, the Vice President assumed, the great experiment had aborted. What in the United States is "a tiny minority" of the discontented, "misled by demagogues into seeing its only outlet in anarchy and violence," in Latin America "could be a dangerous and broad movement—or a majority." Our mission is to bring a "politics of hope and of faith" to Latin America through the Alliance for Progress, which embodies our way of successfully attacking social no less than economic problems:

> Yes, we are beginning to develop right here at home a creative partnership—an Alliance for Progress—between free enterprise and representative government. And the lessons learned right here must be seized and put to work in other parts of the hemisphere.

When Humphrey spoke of "the lessons learned right here" from which Latin America could benefit, he included progress in racial justice.

The Administration of which Humphrey is a part, no less than that of which Nixon and Dulles were members, has intervened on behalf of Third World conservatives, who were challenged by revolutionaries or reformers with a far better claim to represent a majority of their countrymen. For the Iran and Guatemala of the Eisenhower years, there are the Dominican Republic, Guyana and Brazil of the last two Democratic administrations, while both parties must share responsibility for Cuba and Vietnam. These incursions into the affairs of other nations have been publicly justified by the New Deal tenet that political revolutions are legitimate only where Communists or foreigners rule, the latter being by now an almost empty category. Elsewhere "development," perceived as economic growth (after 1960 with some social reform), requires "stability" —meaning continued rule by existing elites or by their loyal opposition. "The economic progress we seek," Humphrey said of U.S. goals for Latin America in the same speech, "can be securely achieved only where political institutions are strong and where political leadership is secure," meaning existing institutions and existing ways of recruiting leaders. Throughout the collection of his speeches entitled *The Winds of Freedom,* Dean Rusk acknowledged the struggle going on in the Third World for a sense of nationhood, social justice and economic transformation. Yet with total assurance he stated that "there is no reason to suppose that they [these far-reaching changes] could not be accommodated in the process of peaceful change."

It is but a short step from saying that real revolutions are unnecessary in the south to saying that, where rumblings of revolution do occur, they have been induced artificially by (again in Humphrey's words) "those who glorify violence and who seek not to change society but to destroy it." Such men almost by definition serve goals alien to the interests of the society in question. Therefore, even indigenous revolutionaries may be seen as "outside agitators." Here, however, Washington often falls into a paradox: If it is so obvious that reform can do the job, one would expect little response to the call of violence, as surely few people seek gratuitous exposure to suffering. Why then is the revolutionary "agitator" so serious a threat?

Major social and economic change is theoretically possible without a concomitant political revolution, without, that is, basic renovation of change-directing institutions. The New Deal no doubt qualifies. The Third World example which advocates of this analogy frequently cite is Puerto Rico, economically among the fastest growing southern societies. As a model of *national* development, however, this example is flawed. Puerto Rico is also one of the least sovereign nations. Mexico is sometimes cited, for it too has achieved a rapid rate of economic growth under conditions of political stability. Here the difficulty is that Mexico went through a revolution. Latin America continues to be seen, however, as an appropriate area for testing the New Deal extrapolation. For this region long has typified the problems of "post-independence" that are emerging in Africa and Asia: for example military coups, difficulty in freeing the economy from dependence on primary exports, regional fragmentation. The conditions for peaceful reform also seem most favorable: Latin America possesses more technological resources than most of Africa or Asia, and is a region where Washington can implement its assistance with little interference from other great powers. Not surprisingly, then, the Alliance for Progress is our most explicit, operational statement of the New Deal model. (In one of its architects, Adolf Berle, there is even a direct link.) "Although the Alliance springs from the special relationships between the American nations," Mr. Rusk said in 1962, "it embodies basic prin-

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ciples of development which are of broader application." It is instructive, therefore, to examine briefly how the Alliance has worked in one Latin American country, Guatemala, which is more typical of the Third World than either Puerto Rico or Mexico.

For the first few years of the Alliance, the Guatemalan Government evinced little interest in its reform provisions. But "American officials felt in 1966 that Guatemala had at last acquired a government that was at once democratic and capable of putting the Alliance to work" (Henry Giniger in *The New York Times*). In the more than two years since this "democratic Left" government came into office, and despite significant infusions of U.S. "aid" (most Alliance funds are actually repayable loans tied to the purchase of U.S. goods), nothing approaching the process envisaged by the New Deal metaphor has occurred. Instead, President Méndez Montenegro soon abandoned all pretense of implementing the reforms on which he had campaigned, and concomitantly political violence grew to the point where, by last winter, it was claiming seventy-five to 100 lives a month. That is equivalent to 3,000 or 4,000 assassinations a month in the United States.

It is not difficult to discover why the Alliance has not worked in Guatemala, or why "revolutionary development" does not occur in South Vietnam. Those who have power —not always identical with those who staff high government posts—resist reform because they correctly perceive that it will diminish their status, wealth or influence. Unlike FDR's foes, they resist successfully because they possess resources that control the making and implementing of decisions far more effectively than do votes or public opinion. In Guatemala these include economic sabotage (denying the government the funds for anything beyond housekeeping functions) and the threat of a military coup. Under such circumstances, it is obvious why a civilian, reform-minded President may do no more than put his desires for change on record. When initially the Alliance made land reform a condition for U.S. economic aid, a dozen Latin American nations passed land reform statutes. Six years later, these new laws have made a discernible difference in only two, possibly three, of the countries.

The New Deal model works, then, only where those who rule also have power and are responsive to majorities. In most of Latin America, as more people vote, elections yield increasingly radical governments—and elites rely more on military coups (or the threat thereof) to forestall implementation of promised reforms. Chile, one of the few countries on the continent with an apolitical military, almost elected a Socialist-Communist coalition in 1964 and may do so in 1970. Elsewhere, the military have abrogated this trend toward more radical, more nationalistic administrations. This pattern is apparent in case studies (e.g., Edwin Lieuwen's *Presidents vs. Generals*) and in such summary statistics as those published by Martin Needler in the September, 1966, issue of the *American Political Science Review*:

All Successful Military Coups in Latin America

	1935-44	1945-54	1955-64
Were pro-reform	50%	23%	17%
Overthrew constitutional governments	12%	32%	50%

The only data omitted from this table are the simultaneous increase over time of (a) voting by lower status groups and (b) Washington's influence on Latin American military establishments. This is visible in grants and sales of hardware, personnel trained in the States and at the Canal Zone, and in the formulation by the Pentagon of the inward-directed strategies of "counterinsurgency" and "civic action," now adopted by most Latin American armies. At last reckoning we had trained one out of every ten members of Guatemala's military establishment, the national police included.

It would be inaccurate to say that Washington does not want reform in Latin America. It has counseled governments to institute "basic, even revolutionary changes in

Vadillo, La Prensa (Mexico)

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the structure of society" (Rusk). But without political revolution, which the New Deal image condemns and our military support undercuts, these reforms rarely occur. Perhaps Latin American elites are shortsighted to postpone them, but it would not be the first time that elites have failed to act in their own long-term interests. Our antebellum Southern aristocracy is a case in point. Viewed from these elites' perspective, moreover, such stalling may appear quite rational. Urban migration will continue to draw off much rural discontent. If things get out of hand, experience suggests that the United States will come to the aid of any beleaguered establishment that pins the label of international communism on its domestic opponents. This worked recently in Brazil (1964) and in the Dominican Republic (1965). It worked in Guatemala in 1954, when our intervention forestalled significant land reform and the incorporation of peasants for the first time into national institutions. The reprieve Guatemalan conservatives won then has stood up for fifteen years. Why, with fresh inputs from the United States, should it not last another fifteen years?

The New Deal metaphor generates, first, the false impression that we understand what is happening in the Third World and therefore are entitled to shape events there. Then, it biases the way in which we intervene. Believing that economic growth requires uninterrupted political stability and that revolutionaries are heretics and outsiders, we place our power at the disposal of counterrevolutionaries. The reformist element usually remains stillborn, while the repressive element comes to life. The result is increased polarization—hence violence—within these societies.

That is precisely what happened in Guatemala. Under Arbenz in the early fifties, the country was ruled by a leftist coalition. Arbenz, a nationalist and not a Communist, entrusted much of his land reform program and peasant organization to local Communists because they had the necessary organizational skills, were incorruptible, and were staunchly loyal to the reform objectives of the government. The Communists had so little "hold" over Arbenz that he was able to refuse their demand, when the government was under attack in 1954, that workers be armed in its defense. One need not blink at Arbenz's errors and repression—characteristics in which prior and subsequent governments handsomely outdid him—to note that his regime marked a moment of hope for Guatemala that neither existed before nor has reappeared since. Following the 1954 intervention[2]—at the time hailed by Richard Nixon "as dramatic evidence that the idea of freedom was one for which men were willing to fight and die"—Guatemala has had fifteen years of "little but stagnant dictatorship" (*Washington Post*'s Daniel Kurzman). The President installed by Washington turned out to be, in Tad Szulc's words, "a budding dictator, a political failure, a wastrel of American aid, a protector of corruption, and an unthinking defender of the prerevolutionary *status quo*" (*The Winds of Revolution*).

One may say that that all happened a long time ago. It is disconcerting, however, to discover that the motives Washington gave for its sudden interest in Guatemala in 1954 were identical to those offered for our involvement in Vietnam. We were, in accordance with the New Deal image, going to help the Guatemalan people achieve both democracy and development by denying local Communists control over the government. It is also disconcerting to read the speech Secretary of State Dulles made at the time, in which he stated that we are not of course the world's policeman:

> We do not assume that we have any mandate to run the world. . . . We do not accept the view that whenever there is trouble anywhere that it is the fault of the United States and we must quickly fix it.

No disinterested observer of Guatemala today, whether journalist or academic, believes that our intervention contributed *either* to democracy or to development in that country. And those within Guatemala who are serious about social change increasingly find their only hope in revolution.

In Guatemala in 1954, as in Vietnam today, Washington's motives certainly included the fear that a major Communist power (Russia, China) would increase its influence in a previously Western-dominated area. But even as an expression of self-interest, and abandoning any pretense that it was undertaken to save others, the intervention proved counterproductive. The Soviet Union, somewhat to its own surprise, did establish a "beachhead" in this hemisphere—in Cuba in 1961. It had no comparable role in Guatemala in 1954 and it could hardly have hoped to achieve one under Arbenz. But Fidel Castro learned from Guatemala. Castro came to Mexico in 1955, exiled after imprisonment for his abortive attack on the Moncada Barracks. We know from his "History Will Absolve Me" speech that up to that time he had been a member of that "democratic Left" which Washington now applauds in Latin America. In Mexico, Castro moved in exile circles which included pro-Arbenz Guatemalans. In these groups, Herbert Dinerstein reports, it was assumed "that the United States would intervene against any genuine social reform under the guise of intervening against communism." The other lesson extracted from Guatemala was the futility of expecting the United Nations to protect a leftist regime against such U.S. moves. Washington could always argue, as it had done successfully in 1954, that the hemisphere had its own "peacekeeping" organization—one which it dominates.

Once in power in Cuba, Castro was wary of Washington and quickly moved to an ideological position that would secure Soviet support. The tragedy lay less in what Washington did or failed to do in 1960 than in what it had done in 1954. Again in Dinerstein's words (*Intervention Against Communism*):

[2] Many of the details are recounted by David Wise and Thomas Ross in *The Invisible Government*. Here it is enough to say that Arbenz, like most Latin American reformers, enjoyed only the conditional support of his own army. After U.S. pilots (CIA) strafed and bombed Guatemala City over a period of days in U.S. planes, the generals forced Arbenz to resign. The U.S. Ambassador then moved quickly to assure that the CIA-picked exile leader, Col. Castillo Armas, and not some other general, would assume the Presidency.

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> Most probably the United States would have been prepared to accept even a quite radical Cuban regime if it had not become Communist; and it is equally likely that Castro could not have believed this to be the case, given the lessons he had drawn from the intervention in Guatemala.

Another Latin American who drew lessons from Guatemala was Ernesto Guevara, then far from being the "Che" that the United States would spend millions to help trap in Bolivia. Guevara was a doctor planning to work in a leprosarium in Venezuela. He was in Guatemala City in 1954, this being one stop on a trip through Latin America. Though unquestionably holding leftist sentiments, he had never become politically affiliated; he was "the sarcastic medico, the uncommitted and unimpressed spectator." So incensed was Guevara, however, by the U.S. intervention he witnessed that he joined those trying to organize resistance. When that failed, he accompanied the other exiles to Mexico, where he met Castro for the first time. "The doctor died and the guerrilla leader was born there in Guatemala City in June, 1954." (Dolores Moyano Martin, "A Memoir of the Young Guevara," *The New York Times*, August 18, 1968.)

Like some self-fulfilling prophecy, then, Washington's "successful" intervention in Guatemala rid the hemisphere of a leftist coalition government only to contribute to the rise of a more monolithic and far more Soviet-penetrated regime. The tactical success of the CIA operation in Guatemala, however, encouraged Washington to meet the new Cuban threat with the Bay of Pigs operation. This time, however, the CIA miscalculated and the U.S. role was fully exposed; as a consequence, the Alliance was tarnished in its inception. (The Bay of Pigs invasion was appropriately launched from Guatemala, by that time ruled by U.S. protégés.) Four years later, the Santo Domingo affair—traceable to Johnson's fear of "another Cuba" and thus one more ripple from 1954—gave the Alliance what many observers considered its *coup de grâce*. For whatever Washington thought of Juan Bosch's supporters in the 1965 uprising, Bosch was considered "democratic Left" throughout Latin America. An Alliance without "democratic Left" leadership is, to many Latin Americans, too patently a holding action for the *status quo*.

Currently, to come full circle, many speak of Guatemala as a potential Vietnam. Already it has taken an infusion of U.S. Special Forces to contain two guerrilla bands inspired by Castro's example. Already U.S. military attachés and a U.S. ambassador have been killed, and napalm has been used.[3] One need not predict victory for the guerrillas to suggest that Guatemala today is more of a "trouble spot" for Washington than it was—if correctly perceived—in 1954. Moreover, much of this trouble stems from our intervention which discredited, and in some instances destroyed, democratic reformers, while it strengthened the association of nationalism with communism. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the 1954 intervention was as destructive of U.S. interests, as Washington itself defines them, as it was of Guatemala's.

One case does not make a pattern. Space precludes doing more here, however. A "modest proposal" for the next administration would be to commission a study, at least as thorough as the Kerner Report, on the long-term results of every U.S. intervention in the Third World. Even if no one acted on this information, it might have the salutary effect of disabusing us of the hubris fostered by the New Deal image.

Perhaps Vietnam will cure us, but the evidence so far seems negative. Those most likely to shape the next administration still speak of Vietnam mainly as a tactical error: too much unilateral military involvement. It may be, however, that public wisdom will come from another source in the years ahead; from our ineludible domestic crisis. And here I mean something more than the fact that resources spent in Vietnam are needed at home.

Throughout the sixties, Washington has told the Third World that a major obstacle to its social and economic development is its failure to incorporate rural poor into national markets and institutions. Using the New Deal model, our leaders have said that this can, and only should, be achieved through nonviolent reform. Now that our cities are swelling with rural migrants for whom little suitable housing, relevant education or employment exists; now that the reform-making institutions of the New Deal vintage look bureaucratized and bewildered; now that we have experienced violence that cannot be explained by "outside agitators"—surely now, one thinks, fewer Americans will accept the universal applicability of "persuasion and consent" (Rusk). The point is a simple one but worth publicity: only *now* has this country faced problems at all analogous to those facing many Third World nations, and while by Third World standards we possess unlimited resources for dealing with these problems, we have yet to score any notable successes. The first "ulterior" use that might be made of our domestic crisis, then, is to deflate complacency to the point where leaders will admit they do not have the answers to the thorny questions of revolution versus reform, this set of institutions versus that, social priorities versus economic ones. Most southern societies may also lack optimal answers, but they have a right as well as a need to learn by making their own mistakes—including their own revolutions, if these turn out to be mistakes.

No one can examine north-south relations globally and black-white relations domestically without sensing that they call for analogous inventions. A major obstacle to viable solutions in both cases is the close association of control with resources. The poor in both instances need access to technology and wealth, but they also need to control their own experiments. The latter is not merely a psychic need, endorsed by justice; it is a functional requisite as well. The "have-nots" usually know best where they are and where they want to go. Most resources, however, are concentrated in the hands of the "haves"—of

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3 Both *Le Monde* reporter Marcel Niedergang and Uruguayan journalist Eduardo Galeano quote Guatemalan Vice President Marroquin Rojas as saying that U.S. planes, based in the Canal Zone, have made napalm bombing raids on mountainous areas believed to contain guerrillas. For Galeano's account of the guerrillas and their attackers, see "With the Guerrillas in Guatemala," *Latin America: Reform or Revolution?*, edited by James Petras and Maurice Zeitlin.

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white Americans and of the rich, industrialized nations—and these have tended to make them available only on their own terms. So the "have-nots" find themselves forced to choose between self-determination with few resources and more resources with little self-determination.

Without developing the point further, the new policy needed in both instances is one that will create the *environment* in which all experiments that functionally relate the particular (e.g., the group culture of black citizens, the national culture of a southern society) to the minimal demands of the larger community (e.g., to buy one must have something to sell) will have an optimal chance of succeeding. At present, as has been demonstrated through trade statistics in the one sphere and "life chances" data in the other, the environment is not even neutral. Instead, to those that have, more usually is given. Just as Third World nations continually receive less for what they sell abroad, relative to the price of the manufactured goods they purchase (including the machinery they need to break this vicious cycle), so automation and the rise of suburbia leave many black Americans with relatively worsening education, housing and occupational choices.

The Third World does not inhabit our cities, does not confront us directly. Ultimately, the dispersal of cheap nuclear "equalizers" or the sheer enormity of mass starvation may give some southern regions a claim on our attention, but by then we may be too frightened to respond rationally. In the meantime, America's attitude toward the world's south might be characterized as white liberalism. We are so adept at explaining their situation to them, so sure they want what we want, so officious in "helping," that we scarcely hear them tell it like it is. So there is something to be said for eliciting from our confrontation with nationalism, "rising expectations" and the desire for self-determination at home—a confrontation we cannot avoid—new images of similar phenomena abroad.

SKI BIZ

THE NORTH SLOPE CIRCUS

WILLIAM B. ROLLINS

Mr. Rollins is a free-lance writer (and one-time professional ski teacher), now living at Woody Creek, near Aspen.

Fred Iselin, ski boss at Sun Valley, Aspen and now Aspen Highlands, says: "When I started skiing, my face was schmooth and my pants were baggy. Now my face is baggy and my pants are schmooth." Iselin neglects to mention that his pockets were once empty, but now there's a noticeable bulge where his wallet weights his "pulsating-pink" parka. Like his neighboring ski school director at Snowmass-at-Aspen, Stein Eriksen (known to some as "The Golden Stud"), he is proof that there's more to directing a ski school these days than saying, "Bend zee knees. Two dollars, please."

One must make movies (Iselin's latest, for United Airlines, is *Yoo, Hoo, I'm a Bird*), endorse beer and tanning lotion, produce celebrities and wax personalities as well as skis, now that posh has come to the slopes.

Skiing, they say, is a way of life. Just ask Shirley Kantrowitz. Eight years ago, the wife of a garage owner in Woodridge, N.Y., she borrowed the money to buy fifty pairs of skis, poles and boots, and open a rental shop at a new local ski resort called "Davos, USA." Two years later, she and her partner, James Wynkoop, had paid for the first fifty pairs and 950 more. By noon on a busy Saturday they have rented out all 1,000 at $5 a pair. That is more than $4,000 clear profit for four hours' work. Shirley's husband has long since sold the garage to work in the rental shop. They have a new house, two new cars (license plates: SKE-5 and SKE-6), and take the summer off. They have opened rental shops at other Eastern ski areas. It's a way of life, all right, but they seldom get a chance to ski any more.

The Iselins, Eriksens, and Kantrowitzes, however, are small-time compared to Howard Head, America's biggest ski manufacturer, who counts his annual earnings in the millions, and recently announced a merger with the American Equipment Company. You can read about him in *Fortune*. In major operations, skiing tends to become subsidiary. The co-developers of Snowmass-at-Aspen, the Janss Corp., and the American Cement (that's right, cement) Corp., sold $3 million worth of real estate from January to March of this year alone as they opened their West Village. Snowmass had more skiers in its first year of operation than nearby Aspen Mountain, which celebrated its twentieth anniversary during the season.

Skiers—an estimated 50,000 each year—have also changed. The old breed calls it dilution, or prostitution. When Hannes Schneider immigrated from the Arlberg in Austria, to get the sport really going in the United States in the 1930s, most of the devotees at North Conway, N.H., were individualists, pioneer sorts. You had to climb a foot or more for every foot you skied down; climb a mile for the reward of skiing back down a half-mile. After a big snow, the aficionados worked together, packing the slopes, step by sweating step.

Now, sophisticated snow vehicles do the packing. And the old rope tows and snowmobile at North Conway have been dated by Poma-lifts, T-bars, J-bars, chair lifts, gondolas and téléfériques. The modern skier is even carried down, too, if necessary. He can leave the kids in a nursery at the bottom, wine and dine at midway and again at the top, watching the parade at the sun deck. One of Iselin's star attractions last winter, Tom LeRoy, performed a double somersault for the vicarious pleasure of those eating lunch midway at the Highlands.

Tino Koch, a former Swiss Olympian who runs the ski complex at the Concord Hotel, in the Catskill Borscht

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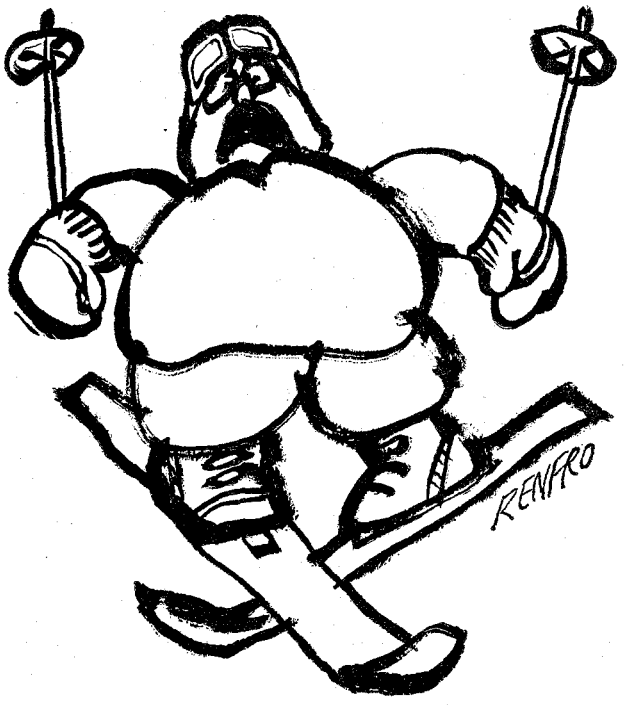
Belt, says, "I don't run a ski school, I run a circus." (Tino made the original loan to Wynkoop and Kantrowitz.) I used to teach for Tino. In a class of ten people (mainly beginners from New York City) there would be five who, if they fell down, couldn't get up by themselves. Those five and two more, on the average, were incapable of climbing the practice slope (vertical drop: 15 feet). When



the girls fell down and got their faces wet, blue and green mascara would run down their cheeks to blend with the colored, artificial snow. (The popular name for Sugarbush Mountain in Vermont is, appropriately, "Mascara Mountain.")

"Follow me," was often replaced in the instructor's lingo by "Hang on to me." The instructor needed more psychology than technical finesse. "What do you do if your feet hurt?" the students ask, or "What's the worst thing that can happen to me?" (Once, weary at the end of a long season, I told a woman, "Oh, you could get a ski pole in your stomach, and break your back.")

Koch charged $5 for a half-hour lesson (admitting, privately, that no one learned that much). With ten to twelve classes every half-hour, every day, he earned an estimated $80,000 in three months. But he lived in constant fear that the hotel would replace him with a champion with a bigger, or at least newer, name.

The hotel had a different fear. It was almost inevitable that anyone who fell would sue, claiming that the rental equipment was faulty, or the snow not properly groomed. Concord hired a full-time insurance adjuster to stand at the flag-draped chalet at the top of the hill with a camera. He took pictures of the equipment immediately after a fall and statements from witnesses to any accident, for possible use in court later. It was rumored that the hotel always settled for a nominal sum so as to maintain good will.

The springtime of skiing, the days of climbing half the day with a peanut butter sandwich and an apple in a sack on your back for one run down; too tired by dusk to do much but go to bed, are over. Those who climb to even the most remote peaks now are apt to find the fresh powder snow tracked up by more affluent skiers who got to the top by helicopter. Last winter, it cost $6.50 a day to ride up Aspen Mountain. Many resorts charged $8 for the same privilege. Since the $5-a-day barrier was broken, most skiers think that it will be $10 before long. The best skis now cost $200; boots, at least $50; poles, $15; pants, $45; parkas, $50. One skier spent $1,000 his first morning to outfit the family at Aspen Sports. (He may have been one of those who keep a $30,000 apartment in a condominium for vacation use.)

The summer season at Aspen is almost as busy, due largely to a music festival. Most modern ski resorts are seeking similar "cultural attractions" that will give them a year-around appeal and income. They usually start with golf courses and pools. Nearby Snowmass has snatched up a film conference that abandoned Aspen for lack of funds. (Snowmass doesn't lack funds.) They put up $1,000 for a chess conference that couldn't raise the kitty in Aspen. And Snowmass officials invested another $1,000 in an old shed, to make it suitable for a group of Aspen potters. (It may be no coincidence that the potters decided to move back to Aspen after the first guided tour of prospective Snowmass property buyers. Snowmass got another potter.)

Areas such as Vail, Colo., Park City, Utah, and Jackson Hole, Wyo., have discovered that quick success on the ski slopes cannot be as quickly backed up by "instant culture" in the community. But they're trying. Enterprising "arts and crafts" types might find—if they don't mind being displayed to guided tours—that life as an artist-in-residence at a ski area is financially more rewarding than a similar job on campus.

Oddly enough, summer is a good time to get a picture of what skiing has done to people, and what people are doing to skiing. In Aspen, this year, it was the summer of the bitch. Sour-faced shopkeepers bitched that there were not enough tourists; tanned old-timers whined that there were too many; soggy campers carped at the rain. They all stopped on the sidewalks to stare at hard-hatted workmen hammering nails into the frames and floors of condominiums, those climbing conglomerations that blot out the mountains. And they all agreed: Aspen had changed.

A summer of the harassed. Merchants harassed the city councilmen and police about the hippies and boycotted the *Aspen Times* for declaring that hippies had rights. There were so many mustaches on the streets it seemed like a perpetual convention of barbershop quartets. A season of Beatles and beads, meditation and macrobiotics, asanas and astrology, tarot cards and the I Ching. Of course, Aspen had no monopoly on the young, the dropouts (although it has always exerted a disproportionate attraction). But in Aspen, the new gypsy bands met a curious blend of earlier gypsies, one-time ski bums, surfers, others who had escaped the rat race. These older ones had well-defined symbols of, at once, rebellion and belonging;

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badges like jeeps, German shepherds, green rubber boots and pick-up trucks with names. And when the two bands met, in the mountains and valleys, alongside the Victorian gingerbread houses, many of the original rebels, who had run away from society in the 1940s, displayed short memories. They closed the doors of their precious Aspen society to such youths as they themselves had once been.

This was also the summer when the final 8 miles of Independence Pass were paved, making it easier for the soft and pale to invade, burying under asphalt the dirt-road nostalgia. It was the summer when wastes ran over the top of sewer-plant capacity, and trout turned up dead bellies to float down the Roaring Fork and rot on rock-strewn banks. The summer when the Aspen Ski Corporation decided it could no longer offer cut-rate lift tickets to employees: too many administration problems; too much cheating. "Remember," an old-timer said, "when you could stick your skis in a snowbank outside the Red Onion while you had a few drinks, and nobody would take them?"

Bow-tied drivers sped buses with stylized flowers on their sides, every half-hour, to West Village, Snowmass-at-Aspen, so visitors could see always smiling, all-American public relations men change costumes (not quite on the hour): Cowboy hats for Western Days at Snowmass-at-Aspen; sombreros for Fiesta Acapulco at Snowmass-at-Aspen; black suits for Mock Funeral at Snowmass-at-Aspen.

Yes, indeed: "Something's Always Happening at Snowmass-at-Aspen" (if you call that something). Masochists could dwell on the multi-brochured prospect that the IBM computer at Public Relations-Western-Acapulco-Black-West Village-Snowmass-at-Aspen is, *even now*, programming seven more villages, one for every dart on the compass rose. It takes great imagination. Perhaps only a computer would have the soul to re-create ghost towns with the veritable vacuity of the originals.

You can be sure that, this winter, everything will be bigger and (no, not better) more expensive at all the Davoses, Sugarbushes and Snowmasses-at-Aspen. And there will be at least 50,000 more skiers riding up and down the mountains. The late Freddie Fisher, a long-time Aspenite and non-skier, used to gaze up at the mountains and say, "I'm too poor to go up, and too smart to come down." Freddie was a good bitcher. It seems a long time since he died.

DIPLOMATIC QUOTAS

WASHINGTON'S ODD LOGISTICS

W. E. CHILTON III
Mr. Chilton is publisher of the Charleston (W.Va.) Gazette.

Militarily, two nations dominate the earth. Each owns—and boasts of owning—sufficient nuclear destruction to atomize several times over the 3 billion men, women and children alive today. Under these circumstances it might be thought the United States and the Soviet Union would covet extensive, purposeful diplomatic relations. What would seem unthinkable is that either superpower would, for lack of financing, slight agencies or processes specifically structured to promote understanding and friendship between governments and peoples, particularly in light of the orbital sums spent by the same societies on projects that only encourage distrust and raise levels of animosity.

When the United States and the Soviet Union reached agreement last June on the long-delayed Consular Treaty, I was in Moscow with an American Newspaper Study group preparatory to heading out to Siberia. [See "Plain Talk with Vodka," *The Nation*, November 11.] Through efforts of a colleague, three of us interviewed Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson.

Asked about the Consular Treaty, the Ambassador said his budget was so cramped that he would be lucky to open one consulate—at Leningrad. The Russian consulate, he noted, would be in San Francisco. Ambassador Thompson didn't dwell upon his financial difficulties, since it would have been unbecoming, not to say unavailing—his allocation, along with that of every other of the nation's multitudinous ministerial missions, is fixed from Washington out of the State Department's annual appropriation awarded by Congress.

Although no restrictions limit the number of personnel the United States may appoint to the Moscow embassy or the Soviet Union may send here, the latter's delegation is larger. Perhaps more surprising, the American staff at Moscow is substantially smaller than others stationed in far less important countries. Serving in Washington are eighty-seven Soviet diplomats; the United States has sixty-four diplomats in Moscow. The complete complement working at the embassies is higher: 135 Soviet employees consisting of 114 civilians and twenty-one military, against 108 Americans composed of sixty-four civilians and forty-four military. (The greater number of U.S. military, says the State Department, is due to thirteen Marine guards and Seabees.)

The American delegation on duty in Athens, Greece, totals 350, according to State Department figures obtained in October by the Associated Press. Departmental press agents could doubtless justify the quantitative discrepancy between our Greek and Russian missions, but the true reason in all probability has little to do with diplomacy. Heaven knows it can't square with reality because Greece relates to what's happening throughout the present world about as precisely as does a DAR chapter meeting.

Athens, however, is a comfortable city, with ample creature consolations, moderate climate much of the year, and the environs chock-full of marvelous antiquities. It is accessible to touring relatives and family friends, and is

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the ideal base from which to launch vacation expeditions to Egypt's pyramids or the Colosseum in Rome.

Moscow, on the other hand, is conspicuously deficient in the niceties, even the essentials, of modern living. Cultural attractions, though excellent, are few. Night life is nil. Making friends among the natives is an impossibility. The weather ranges from poor to awful, and winters are colder than a *Pravda* editorial discussing U.S. foreign policy. In addition, the work load is formidable.

To suggest that Athens' charms and Moscow's drawbacks account for the pronounced difference in size of the ambassadorial staffs assigned to these capital cities is on its face an absurdity. Yet equally absurd is an American diplomatic commitment to Greece more than three times as large as the commitment to the USSR. Either our Greek embassy is crawling with supernumeraries or our Russian delegation is slaving away on the edge of exhaustion.

Likewise deplorable is the failure to unearth enough dollars to create more than one consulate within the Soviet Union. But since the money can't be found, the decision to run the one consulate the United States does intend to support from Leningrad, an overnight train hop from Moscow, is unfortunate. The Soviet Union's future lies literally in Siberia.

Russian authorities are determined to develop this remote region that is bigger than the continental United States. Japanese industrialists are being courted for investment capital on joint enterprises. Soviet laborers, skilled and unskilled, who move to Siberia receive double compensation for equivalent work performed elsewhere in the country. Scientific cities are being built. Already the world's largest hydroelectric installation is operative at Bratsk; it is so highly automated that two engineers command the energy output from a single small control room. A chain of identical facilities is being planned nearby to provide the whole of the USSR with plentiful, cheap electricity.

Lake Baikal, an hour's bus drive from Irkutsk, is the Soviet Union's first designated national park. It is the world's oldest, deepest, purest body of fresh water, and the recreational complex to be situated there will ultimately accommodate at any given time 160,000 vacationers. Lake Superior's perimeter is longer than Lake Baikal's, but the latter's volume of water exceeds the combined volume of all the Great Lakes.

More and more American excursionists—and businessmen, too, since gold, diamonds and other scarce mineable materials are buried beneath Siberia's timbered tracts—will be journeying to the Soviet Union's Asian territories, and a consulate could prove to be a very welcome facility. For example, our tour director lost his passport on the flight to Khabarovsk, some 5,000 miles from Moscow. He found it finally, but if he hadn't, he'd have had to retrace that incredible distance to acquire another at the Moscow embassy before being permitted to leave the USSR.

Soviet-American diplomacy can doom or validate mankind's aspirations for peace and for a decent interment of cold-war irritations. To stint on the instrumentalities required to pursue these objectives strengthens the case of those who insist the United States really doesn't desire a harmonious world, unless such a world is to be wrapped to *pax* Americana specifications. Some of the State Department's more knowledgeable critics—recently reelected Sen. J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, perhaps?—ought to examine closely the wisdom of assigning 350 employees to discharge the nation's diplomatic responsibilities in Greece and 108 to master the same task in the Soviet Union. Figures like these fail to add up in more ways than one.

'ANY ACTION?'

THE ACID ROCK VIGIL

KENNETH G. GROSS

Mr. Gross, a reporter on the New York Post, *is completing with Bernard Lefkowitz a book on the Wylie-Hoffert murder case.*

It ended late election night in the bloodshot glare of a television screen hung over the bar of a midtown Manhattan hotel ballroom. It ended as dazed hippies spilled whisky on the dance floor's soiled confetti. It ended while a sobbing girl with a papoose on her back slumped into sleep while her child kept a vigil. It ended with the insane howl of a plastic horn, blown in the nearest ear by a staggering youth. It ended with the stumbling dropouts washing away the sight of their defeat—as the television recorded new scores—in liquor or pot or acid.

The anti-election campaign was ended.

It had begun in the brisk afternoon sunshine of Union Square Park, an American Hyde Park, and the ghostlike remains of the old Bolsheviks of the depression cocked a cynical ear at these wild new revolutionaries who knew nothing of the old battles and repressions. The old foxes, in their overlong greatcoats, left the chess boards grudgingly to hear these children too young to vote urging and taunting their elders away from the ballot. They listened silently and smiled in recognition and had a special fondness for those who slumped against the trees in despair—those who sensed the doom of their mission. The bloodied older crowd recognized themselves and returned to their chess boards with a shrug. For a moment, they had been stirred.

They had been stirred. But they had watched the growing detail of police who surrounded the park. They had watched the policemen slipping into place, roping off the demonstration areas and bringing up the wagons for the arrests. The cops seemed bored, a sure sign that something

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dangerous was brewing. The Tactical Patrol Force buses rolled into the side streets. The Community Relations people arrived to explain it all to the press.

A white-haired veteran of the park's political and social past tried quietly to discourage a boy who was wearing a "Vote No!" button.

"If you provoke them," he said, pointing off toward the building line of policemen, "you will get hurt."

The boy looked at the old gentleman as if the man were mad.

"You see," the man continued, "I really don't believe that you people are ready for the streets."

"We have to turn this into Chicago," the boy said, starting to turn away, as if this guy could never comprehend anyway.

"It's not that," the man said, grabbing his arm to stop the boy. "I agree with everything you say. I agree that the candidates are terrible. Terrible. I'm not voting. But what I'm saying is that you're doing something foolish by provoking violence. You aren't ready. You'll find that you'll be all alone on the streets. There won't be anyone there to help. . . ."

"Listen, Pop. You just don't know what I'm talking about. We have to go to the streets. That's our only recourse. We have no choice. But how can you understand?"

The old man started to say something. Smiled. And walked away. "They will learn," he mumbled. "They will learn."

A group of white-faced players performed an anti-war drama that seemed too whimsical for the cops in the crowd, too esoteric for anyone else except a small core of unsmiling theatregoers up front. It ended and a young girl in the cast started to pass a hat.

"How come you din' sing the National Anthem?" shouted a toothless black woman. The girl passing the hat didn't hear the remark, only the bitter tinge to the delivery, and ran up expecting to find an ally. She smiled and said something about solidarity.

"I said how come you din' sing the National Anthem? . . . Motherfucker!"

The players made an immediate withdrawal, taking with them the half-filled Uncle Sam hat. They retreated to the far end of the park at 17th Street, where a speakers' platform had been arranged.

The groups from Columbia and City College and other outposts of Students for a Democratic Society began arriving, each wave bringing a surge of applause and hope. The men were uniformly ragged. Some wore tattered army fatigue jackets. The girls wore no make-up and expressions of humorless dedication. They would taunt a cop here and there, but the humor was bitter, bitter, bitter. They had tacked up pictures of Hubert Humphrey, Richard Nixon and George Wallace. Each had been transformed by ink mustache and drooping lock of hair to a caricature of Hitler.

A boy held the amplifier for the speaker: "Racist war . . . Fascist government . . . revolutionary movements . . . pig departments."

The words became snatches and there were flinches in

the line of cops when an insult hit its mark. But almost no one except the cops was listening. The girls were strolling among the crowd, now approaching 500, teasing the boys. The boys were showing off their militancy to the girls. And in one corner, hidden by a circle of friends, a pair of kids blew pot to demonstrate defiance in public.

A cardboard coffin was passed overhead to signify the mordant quality of the election. A pair of doctors circulated among the crowd in long white gowns with large red crosses on the front. They said that they had been at Columbia.

A policeman stood off in the background counting the crowd. He was telling his superior that the march, if there was one, would be illegal. The demonstrators planned to march to Times Square, about a mile north.

"There's nothing illegal about a stroll," said the superior.

"But they don't have a parade permit," argued the cop.

"Who says that they can't all decide to walk uptown?"

And that's what they did. After conferring with the police brass, the groups broke into clusters of about fifty and started walking north along the sidewalk. Some walked up Sixth Avenue; others walked up Broadway. Each group was accompanied by a detail of cops.

The first group to reach the rendezvous—Rockefeller Center at 49th Street, chosen for poetic aptness—numbered about seventy-five. The ice skaters were stunned by

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the sudden appearance of the hippies who marched all around the ice chanting, "The ice belongs to the people." An attendant cleared the ice and the hippies blew whistles at a terrified couple huddling on the stairs. They advanced on the flower displays, heading east toward Fifth Avenue, growing bolder and escalating the language.

Suddenly, two TPF patrolmen appeared. They walked with absolute authority on the leader of the group, who was waving a Vietcong flag wildly at Rockefeller Plaza. The cops were undaunted by the numbers. They simply raised their arms in a sweep and the crowd of hippies broke and started running south on Fifth Avenue. A black demonstrator said that in a black area two cops would never dare try to cope with such a crowd, and that it was a sure sign of the group's fundamental weakness that they broke so easily.

The group started south along Fifth Avenue. Another larger group was heading north and the police began to get nervous. There was a cheer when the two groups spotted each other. The cops started breaking up the groups and sending them down various side streets. Suddenly, at 47th Street, the arrests began. The kid with the Vietcong flag was thrown into a wagon. Then a girl. Then others. "If anyone doesn't listen instantly, grab 'em," shouted Assistant Chief Inspector Joseph McLaughlin, in charge of the plain-clothes detail.

The groups were chased to Broadway. There were other arrests. There would be eighty-seven before the night was over. It was the police tactic to grab the leaders and keep the streets clear of demonstrators. Already, the first election returns were beginning to circle the electrical bulletin board on the Chemical Tower. The hippies had hired the second-floor ballroom of the Hotel Diplomat, where they would wait out the election results. Just like good Democrats or Republicans. They had paid $200 for the ballroom, beating out the Communist Party, which also wanted it.

The room was dimly lit and the two tiers of balconies appeared faded and chipped. Some ladies were selling baloney sandwiches and soda. The bar would not open until 9 P.M. An acid rock group did what they could to damage the eardrums.

"We got lots of police here," announced one of the SDS leaders over a microphone. "So be careful who you talk to. Now, we got plenty of busts. More than 200 already (there were only about fifty up to that point). So we need money and we need volunteers."

"The streets are very hot," he said in a much higher pitch.

On the staircase outside the ballroom, the kids were smoking marijuana.

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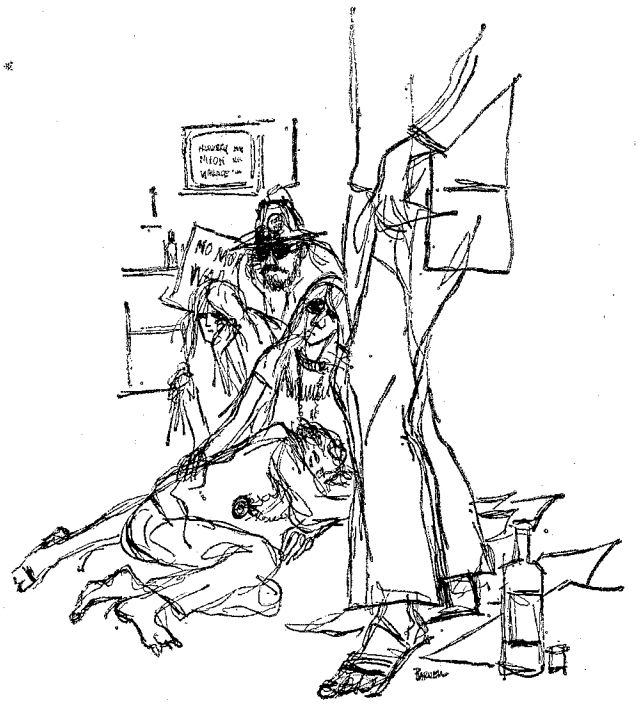
"We got to go to the Waldorf [where Nixon headquarters had been established]. We got to split up and get there in small groups. Put on Nixon buttons to fake out those people!"

There was no perceptible stir in the audience.

"Hey," a black man yelled, getting to his feet. "We got to get ourselves together. Are we together?"

There was a weak assent.



"You a bunch of jive motherfuckers," he said, retreating into his beer.

By now, groups of twos and threes were slipping out and heading toward the Waldorf. But the police were waiting. They were waiting on the west side of Park Avenue and turning the hippies back.

It was like that all night. Even the plain-clothes cops who led one group astray were growing weary. The kids stopped trusting anyone. They headed back in dribs and drabs to the Diplomat, where the party was now being held in the bar near the ballroom.

"I better call my mother," said one teenybopper. "She'll kill me if I stay out too late."

A teacher groaned. He kept grabbing people coming in off the streets.

"Is there any action?" he would ask desperately.

A kid blew a horn in his face.

"Hey," he said. "Cool it. That's a real drag."

Some of the girls formed a circle on the floor. Since the early warning against cops, they refused to talk to anyone who looked "straight." They lit candles. A group around one table discussed the techniques of revolution. A girl held her boy friend's head in her lap after he threw up on the floor. They began to sag, the kids in that room. Each new election figure struck like a blow. They sagged and drank and smoked.

"Hey," said the teacher grabbing another stranger just arriving. "Any action?"

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Civil Disobedience: Moral or Not?

DISOBEDIENCE AND DEMOCRACY: Nine Fallacies on Law and Order. *By Howard Zinn. Random House. 124 pp. $3.95. Paper $1.45.*

CARL COHEN
Mr. Cohen teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

Civil disobedience has become one of the most puzzling and provocative issues of the times. There are two kinds of reasons for this. First, those who have recently been engaging in disobedient demonstrations have done so, most usually, to register vehement protest against laws, acts and conditions that cry out for remedy, while remedy continues to elude us. The barbarity of the war in Vietnam; the cruelty of racism at home; the maldistribution of wealth and power; and, above all, the apparent unwillingness or inability of our national institutions—Congress, the courts, private enterprise—to deal effectively with injustice, frustrates and angers all decent citizens, and forces us to ask ourselves how changes we know to be essential can be brought about. Those who practice civil disobedience seek to provide at least a partial answer to this question, often breaking new ground at considerable risk to themselves. Most often we find ourselves in strong sympathy with such disobedients, knowing their intentions honorable and their cause just. Even so, many remain in genuine doubt about the moral justifiability of deliberately unlawful protest. To be sure, the end may be entirely worthy; but that, as we have been so long saying to ourselves and others, does not justify *any* means to its accomplishment. The wrong protested may be a thousand times more harmful than the the wrong of illegal protest; is that justification enough? How should we decide, in practice, upon the rightness of certain methods—even methods deliberately disobedient and intrinsically unhappy—intended to further worthy social goals? This is one side, the practical side, of the puzzle.

As soon as we seek to resolve this practical question in any given case, we find ourselves facing a maze of difficult philosophical questions—questions with which we are all familiar, but that we had never before been forced to resolve in some conclusive way. This is the second, deeper aspect of the puzzle. Civil disobedience, its nature and justification, takes us directly to the core of some of the hardest and most important philosophical questions regarding social life. What are the limits of state authority? When, if ever, is a man justified in defying that authority, and on what grounds must such justification be based? What do we mean by the "rule of law" and how high in our catalogue of values must it remain? Nothing presses these questions upon us so quickly and so clearly as the practice of civil disobedience in a democracy, and the need to appraise it.

In this sphere Howard Zinn has written a most extraordinary book. I do not think his views entirely correct or even consistent; I find the frame within which they are put to be restrictive and disjointed; I am convinced that he is deeply mistaken on certain central issues. Yet the book is splendid—crisp and biting, reflective and insightful, sympathetic and humane. It deserves to be very widely read and very thoughtfully discussed.

The complexity of the issues with which this book deals renders it difficult to do it full justice briefly. It ranges over a great host of problems—the obligations of the citizen, the protection of the freedom of speech, the adequacy of our judicial and representative machinery, the need to devise new techniques of change—and there is hardly a page on which the reader is not impelled to register strong objection, or further observation, or (most often) a cheer. Let me register here two strong objections, one observation and three cheers.

First, objections: The inadequacy of the standard "liberal" view of civil disobedience (of which Justice Fortas' pamphlet *Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience* is taken as the archetype) is Zinn's principal target.

His attack takes the form of identifying a series of fundamental but (allegedly) mistaken propositions upon which the liberal view (more accurately, Fortas' view) is founded. These fallacies, as he calls them, in being widely and uncritically accepted, distort a realistic and healthy view both of the country itself and of civil disobedience as an instrument for change within it. Zinn argues that such disobedience offers rich possibilities for social reform, and ought to be more generously conceived and more liberally practiced. He is careful to say that civil disobedience is not all good, but he is sure that it most often is. Thus, he is obliged to deal with a number of the philosophical issues mentioned earlier, and at such critical points his argument is sometimes very weak.

The first great fallacy attacked is "that the rule of law has an intrinsic value apart from moral ends," where by moral ends Zinn means only real human needs. It is important for him that this be shown false, because so many (including Justice Fortas) have insisted that there is a universal duty to obey the law, and that this is a *moral* as well as a legal imperative. On the basis of this belief (Zinn argues), liberals mistakenly conclude that civil disobedience is always unjustifiable unless the law disobeyed is itself clearly and profoundly immoral.

Confusion develops quickly here. Zinn is quite right in maintaining that those who elevate the rule of law to an absolute, and who find every case of civil disobedience unjustifiable simply because it does break the law, and because breaking the law is always wrong, must suffer from serious moral blindness, and must have a cramped and distorted view of history and their own times. Obedience to law, and the order it promotes, is only one great value, after all, and must sometimes be measured against others with which it may come into conflict—economic justice, human liberty, international peace. To accomplish these, or others, the laws may be good instruments; but they may, on occasion, be obstacles instead. A rational citizen must make that judgment. In attacking those who are slavish in their submission to law, Zinn is wise and right.

He is not right or wise, however, when he concludes from this that, apart from the benefits achieved by specific good laws, there is no general moral obligation to obey the law. There is. It is a universal and, I submit, a very weighty obligation upon every citizen stemming from the universal human need to live in a society in which one can have reasonable expectations concerning the conduct (and the limitations upon the conduct) of one's fellow human beings. In that sense the rule of the law is both noble and practical, and it is a value of high moral import, quite apart from the particular content of individual laws. It is for this reason that one does have an obligation —a *moral* as well as a legal obligation—to obey a law even if he is quite convinced the law is bad. This, I think, is the force of the claim made by Fortas as well as the man in the street, that the

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Poems by James Moore

I WANT TO BECOME THIN

I want to become thin as a flute song
Which goes into the delicate inner ear
And coils there, holding in balance the lives
Of everyone I love. We should end
These stupid troubles.

HOW TO CLOSE THE GREAT DISTANCE BETWEEN PEOPLE

Do it over coffee,
Like fish that appear to be talking,
But are really eating to stay alive.

THE SKY

The sky is like an animal we have never seen before
And will never see again. Suddenly it is here!
Our talk turns into whispers, then stops.
Nothing prepared us for this.
It is no butterfly, no animal at all
And remains silent as we become happy
Or sad. Our lives no longer matter.
When it is blue or pink or red
We are nothing. Its face is turned upwards past the stars,
Past color. For years beyond number it floats upwards.
There is nothing left to do but go
Indoors and begin touching one another.

FLUTE SONG

It's late and the furnace goes full blast
Filling the room like a good joke.
I read aloud, pausing for rain.
If my pipe were alive
I could not hold it more lovingly.
Soon, I will make some green tea
And pray that the flute song I barely hear
Is not a signal for dawn
And is not a record, nor an answer
To any questions I might pose it.

FOR A MOMENT

I stood deep inside a willow and found it better than love.
I saw a willow's heart. It was green and easy to touch.
For a moment I was a willow-animal.
Anyone could touch me deep inside. I was easy to touch.

RAIN-DROP

No one can see the ears of the rain:
Let us drop on the houses of our distant friends
And hear how much they miss us.

AT 7:00 A.M., WATCHING THE CARS ON THE BRIDGE

Everybody's going to work. Well,
Not me, I'm not
Going to work.

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laws always ought to be obeyed. However confusedly expressed, there is deep truth in the proposition that there is something *morally* wrong in breaking duly constituted laws. Indeed, Zinn exhibits a similar feeling himself when, later in the book, he expresses his distress at the willful disregard, on the part of the American Government as a whole, for the rule of international law to which it is committed. He argues there that nations are bound by the same larger moral principles that bind individual men, and he is right. Among these is the principle that the laws ought to be obeyed.

Of course this principle cannot be absolutely compelling in every circumstance. The assumption that it is absolute, and the careless invocation of this principle whenever the disobedient protest in question happens to offend, are common errors against which Zinn might properly bridle. He goes much further than this, however, even to the extreme of rejecting the intrinsic moral value of government by law.

That is an unhappy turn. I have considerable confidence in Zinn's practical wisdom: but we are not governed by men such as he, nor are we likely to be. Individual judgments of what is right are often essential, but they are never sufficient for good human government. We must have laws, even if they are less good than they might be. In a healthy democratic community the laws will be respected and honored, although they are imperfect, because they are the laws. There is, therefore, a standing presumption against civil disobedience although that presumption may, in exceptional cases, be countered. This is what the standard liberal view is fumbling for; the cheap purposes to which the words of this principle are sometimes put do not in the least detract from its truth.

Of course our national community is, at present, far from healthy. The laws are often disregarded by officials sworn to obey them, and obeyed by citizens who have a higher obligation not to obey them. For it does not follow from the fact that there is a moral obligation to obey the law that such an obligation can never be overridden. It can. It is in such circumstances precisely that civil disobedience may prove justifiable or even obligatory. But what kinds of circumstances these might be, Zinn—partly because of the looseness of his argument—never finds it necessary to make clear.

The second fallacy under attack is that "the person who commits civil disobedience must accept his punishment as right." Zinn's argument comes to this: if the law is grossly unjust, any punishment for deliberately breaking it is unjust, and therefore the disobedient need not accept any such punishment administered by the state. Here again the position is weak, and the conclusion partly wrong, due to insufficient care and refinement in the analysis. The matter is complicated; Zinn tries to make it appear simple.

At an earlier point Zinn had introduced (less sharply than he might have) the distinction between what I have (elsewhere) called direct disobedience, in which the law broken is the very law protested, and indirect disobedience, in which the law broken is in some other way—symbolically or conventionally—relevant to the issue of the rightness of protest. What needs to be seen here is that this distinction is also importantly relevant to the issue of the rightness of punishment.

Normally, the civil disobedient does expect to be punished for his deliberately unlawful act. This is true because the disobedient is usually not a rebel (contrary to the suggestion of Zinn's language at some points) but a dedicated reformer within a larger system he is determined both to accept and to improve. Should he accept his punishment, then, as right? That depends on what he did, on what kind of law he broke. If he deliberately disobeyed a law he thought immoral in itself he is justified, of course, in fighting punishment in every reasonable way at his command, chiefly through the courts. He will seek to have the bad law struck down, or at least to have it declared inapplicable in his case. If he loses in the end, he is likely, as a citizen who is generally law-abiding, to accept the punishment, not as *right* but as a painful price he helps to pay for a law-governed community. If the law he broke really was in itself immoral (and we may be in some doubt about that), the legal system will have done an injustice; but we cannot allow every man to sit as the judge in his own case. Of course justice is not always done, and the fight against bad laws must never stop, but miscarriages of justice do not, in themselves, justify the abandonment of a legal system.

If, on the other hand, the disobedient has deliberately broken what he knows to be itself a good law (a traffic or trespass law, or the like) to protest some other evil, say, the war in Vietnam, or oppression in the cities, it is right for him to be punished, not because he is a bad man but because punishment in such cases of indirect disobedience is a part—an essential part—of the act of protest itself. Indirect civil disobedience, if it is to be an effective tactic, must do more than disrupt; it must exhibit the depth and intensity of the commitment of the protester. To be a successful political act within the system, it must be a genuinely moral act within that system. It cannot be that if the system is entirely disregarded. The beauty of this kind of protest lies in the fact that, though the law is broken, the system of laws is respected. Accepting the punishment, when one has deliberately broken a good law, is the only way to show that respect. To evade the punishment, therefore, is to emasculate the protest. The matter is more complex than Zinn's treatment of it would lead us to suppose.

Enough of criticism. One could raise similar objections to others among the arguments Zinn presents. But his work is so effective in opening our eyes and our minds that we profit more from considering his mistakes than from the muddy and superficial truths often encountered elsewhere.

Next, one observation: *Disobedience and Democracy* is a creative book, rich in insight and suggestion, but its positive impact is less than it could and should have been, largely because of the disjointed form in which it appears. That form is one of rebuttal; everything is framed as a response to Fortas' pamphlet (*Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience*) in which the several fallacies are alleged to appear.

But Fortas' work is itself poorly organized and loosely written, so that in providing a needed blow-by-blow response

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to it, Zinn is unhappily obliged to share some of its structural weakness. In fact, Zinn's nine fallacies are strung together with little in the way of unifying order; the consequence is that much of the constructive value of his argument is lost in the noise of battle. He has many important things to say about the need for imaginative techniques of social change and the forms they might take; but the force of what he says is partly obscured by the contest in which he is eager to score (and generally does) against a weaker opponent. In fairness it should be added that, treating these two small books as an intellectual confrontation, they present a highly absorbing spectacle, in which the Supreme Court Justice, a man of generous inclinations and considerable mental power, is bested again and again —shown to have been inconsistent, careless, occasionally shallow or unfair. A justice ought to write with greater depth and care than Fortas did, considering the gravity of the matter, Zinn is right in not going easy on him. But the upshot is, in both cases, that the threads which hang the whole together are thin and tangled.

Finally, three cheers, briefly put. One cheer for a short, punchy book, written in a prose that is plain and beautiful. Zinn writes with a directness and candor rare among scholarly men. Just reading the book is a pleasure.

A second cheer for Zinn as a perceptive critic of the American scene. He is a merciless enemy of hypocrisy and cruelty, and he makes us bite our collective lip. He is bitter, but not without hope. The largest thrust of his argument is that of a search for the instruments through which the radical reforms our condition demands can be effected with a minimum of violence and misery. He is good for us.

A third and final cheer for an author who comes through to his reader as a compassionate and gentle man, deeply anguished by the wrongs our nation does in his and all our names. Anguish cannot, by itself, justify civil disobedience as an instrument of change; but the compassion that underlies this book is desperately needed if the wrongs provoking disobedient protest are ever to be righted.

Tales of Macondo

NO ONE WRITES TO THE COLONEL: And Other Stories. *By Gabriel Garcia Márquez. Translated from the Spanish by J. S. Bernstein. Harper & Row. 170 pp. $5.95.*

OLIVER T. MYERS
Mr. Myers is chairman of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee).

Gabriel García Márquez is the author of perhaps the most successful bestseller in the history of the Spanish-American novel, *100 Years of Solitude,* which Harper & Row promises for next year. The publisher has shrewdly laid the groundwork for the American reader by issuing this collection of earlier stories first. By this timing we can not only make the acquaintance of García Márquez as a writer (he looks like a Latin Ernie Kovacs), and additionally get to know Macondo, the fictional locale of both books, but also avoid the feeling of anti-climax which would surely result from reading the novel before the stories. The current anthology whets the appetite but does not fully satisfy.

García Márquez is a political novelist in the sense that his characters must be seen against a particular political background and we are made aware, most subtly, of the author's political orientation. But this does not imply that he is putting together a series of thesis novels in the style of the 1930s, with black and white cardboard figures and heavy-handed propaganda. He's political because his people, who for the most part are more real than is fashionable today, are operating in a context that could be found only in a place like Colombia, where a type of stability had been achieved through the machinery of a repressive dictatorship.

The character of the Colonel in the title story (actually a novella, and published as such in Latin America) is the most fully realized in the collection, and one of the most memorable in Spanish-American fiction. But to have become the person he is, it was necessary for him to live in a country where a talented 20-year-old could rise to colonel in a revolution overnight, and then wait around half a century for his reward; where his son could be shot down for handing out subversive pamphlets at a cockfight, and where anyone at any time could be stopped and searched at gun point by government thugs.

When the stories are read as a whole, as much as they differ from one another, the central figure that emerges is not the Colonel, not Big Mama, not the hovering Buendía clan but Macondo itself. Anticipating *100 Years of Solitude,* the official history of Macondo, *No One Writes to the Colonel* ranges from detailed realism, through dreamy fragments and images, to political allegory. One story is linked to another by an event, or a person or merely a mood, and no one story can be fully understood without reading them all; it will take *100 Years of Solitude* to understand why Macondo is what it is.

The Colonel's history ended with the end of the revolution fifty years before. He is waiting, as he has been all the time, for the arrival of word of his pension; he had not the cunning for politics or compromises; he picked the

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wrong party. And now, with his son assassinated, and nothing left but the legacy of a fighting cock, he still waits for the pension, for victory at the cockpit, or for death by starvation, whatever comes first. The Colonel has never been quite sure how to get along in times of peace. With his pride and a curious mixture of idealistic patriotism and cynicism, he can't help getting cheated.

But the coolness and courage which must have been what raised him to his rank by the age of 20 are not dead; he is caught in a police raid with some anti-government pamphlets in his pocket, and his son's murderer pokes his rifle in his belly: "The colonel gritted his teeth and gently pushed the rifle barrel away with the tips of his fingers. 'Excuse me,' he said." It is his second finest hour. His finest hour comes after he has made his decision not to sell the cock, which symbolizes vengeance for his son and, incidentally, represents the sole source of potential income for him and his wife. What do we eat in the meanwhile? she wants to know, at the end of her patience, shaking him by the collar. "It had taken the colonel seventy-five years—the seventy-five years of his life, minute by minute—to reach this moment. He felt pure, explicit, invincible at the moment when he replied: 'Shit.' "

The Colonel had served with Col. Aureliano Buendía. At one point in "Tuesday Siesta" a woman is looking for a revolver that hadn't been fired since the days of Col. Aureliano Buendía. Aureliano is a cousin of the widow in "One Day After Saturday"; one of his patrols in the War of 1885 had been confronted by the grandmother of Big Mama, who tells "Montiel's Widow" when she will die and is laid to rest herself in "Big Mama's Funeral." Montiel, in "Balthazar's Marvelous Afternoon," had earlier bought the world's most marvelous bird cage. And in "One of These Days" we learn why the Mayor appeared in "No One Writes to the Colonel" with only half of his face shaven. This is not just a superficial and arbitrary device. As each linkage is revealed, the effect is that of tumblers falling in place in a combination lock. And the last story, where Big Mama dies, almost gives the combination.

In "Big Mama's Funeral" the technique works, but it doesn't quite come off. Everything has led up to this moment, from Colonel Buendía on down. Big Mama and her far-flung family own Macondo and have run it like a feudal land grant. She is the absolute sovereign, the unmarried matriarch, the empress of Macondo. She is also the symbol of all that ails the place. The intricate empire that she built up, with its complex family ties, its religious and military alliances, calls to mind the bases of power of any Latin American oligarchy. The incredible mess of filth left behind by her funeral celebrants (the Pope himself came) suggests the state of things when a dictatorship long entrenched in power finally dies away, and now "the garbage men will come and will sweep up the garbage from her funeral, forever and ever."

The moderate tone of all the preceding stories, even the mystery of "One Day After Saturday," is changed too abruptly in "Big Mama's Funeral." Bitter satire and thinly veiled allegory have replaced irony and realism, and the author's versatility doesn't quite extend so far. Maybe in a segregated context, not in the Macondo created in the first pages of the book, we could buy this farce. But as it is, the link with reality, so carefully wrought, is broken, and we feel that the author has simply taken the easy way out for some cheap and bitter laughs.

It is a pleasure to read the smooth translation by J. S. Bernstein; there isn't much of the original that doesn't come through with the same impact. The characters talk the same way in English as in Spanish, and the same effect of style, whether understatement, exaggeration or sarcasm, reaches the reader of this book as it has already delighted García Márquez's compatriots.

GUERRILLA WARFARE & MARXISM
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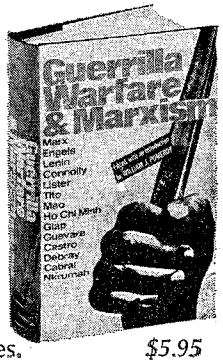

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Danilo Dolci's Vita

A PASSION FOR SICILIANS: The World Around Danilo Dolci. *By Jerre Mangione. William Morrow & Co. 372 pp. $7.95.*

ROBERT HATCH

The title of his book is in one sense Jerre Mangione's amiable acknowledgment of his own attitude. Born in Rochester, N.Y., of Sicilian parents and brought up speaking Sicilian, he has been motivated all his life, as the bulk of his writing shows, by that profound affection for his European roots that is characteristic of first-generation Americans. In a second sense, the title refers quite literally to the book's central figure, Danilo Dolci, who is not a Sicilian, but who has given his life to those ill-fated, ill-treated islanders.

Mangione has been several times to Sicily, most recently in 1965 on a Fulbright grant to spend six months studying Dolci's struggle with the leaden misery that oppresses the Western region around Partinico, where he makes his headquarters. The topic is somber; Dolci is having some success, but so slowly against the malevolence of the Mafia, the hostility of the Church, and the fatalistic ignorance of the people that one wonders whether his fasts, his demonstrations, his centers of instruction, and his bold attacks upon dangerous and high-placed enemies gain any permanent ground against the steady decay of Sicily. Many Italians think they do not, and it is depressing that the support and enthusiasm for Dolci come principally from outside the country. Still, the dams are being built, contemporary knowledge is to a degree ventilating the squalid, suspicious-eyed towns; the stultifying code of silence has on occasion been broken, and Dolci, whose physical strength is as impressive as his stolid idealism, works on for the creation of a momentum that could bring his vision into being. Meanwhile, Esso's oil refineries have brought a 20th-century boom economy—and smog—to the island's east coast, effecting a change in the habits and aspirations of the Sicilians that the world recognizes as progress.

Though an American, Mangione is a "native" in Sicily, and in some respects he is accepted as Dolci, the Italian outsider, will never be. Because of this advantage of blood, and also because he is a sophisticated observer, he records Dolci's status in western Sicily with admiration uncloyed by sentimentality. Dolci has been called a saint, which irritates him both for its foolishness and because it hampers his work. Tell a simple, deprived people that a saint has come among them, and they will confidently await miracles. Dolci is not in the miracle business; he is at the much harder work of persuading a feudal-minded, cynical people to build their own future. Further, the helpers from abroad who are attracted to Dolci because of his reputed spirituality, too often arrive in a mood of self-congratulation that is readily bruised by the reality. Dolci is not a grateful man, often he is not a particularly amiable or tactful man; he uses himself without reserve, and he will use anyone else. This causes ruptures among the self-anointed "faithful"; there have been charges of despotism and his project has been scarred with feuding. Dolci's most valuable associates are young men and women of the area who know the situation too well to have illusions, and who dedicate themselves, not to spiritual excellence but to the salvation of their own kin and community.

Mangione raises, at least by implication, the question of whether Dolci is the best possible man for the job. Dolci does not collaborate well, and there are in fact several other groups in Sicily that strive for similar goals. His principles are admirably clear, but they may be too narrow, and he is undiplomatic toward friends as well as toward enemies. But the wisdom of Dolci is that he understands himself, and has shaped his course according to his own possibilities. There may be a theoretical man who could do a theoretically better job, but that man is not at work in Sicily. Measuring the quality of Dolci against the scope of his task, Mangione strikes a balance of admiration that is more effective than praise.

And he has written a buoyant book. It offers a parade of vivid personalities; it records ironic episodes and grotesque mischances. There are fasts and marches, but also visits to ancient ruins and picnics above the sea. Mangione loves being in Sicily; you can sense him breathing the air. Almost inadvertently, he has written a splendid travel book, though having seen Sicily through Mangione's eyes, it would be hard to be a tourist there in good conscience.

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UNDER THE BOARDWALK. *By Norman Rosten. Prentice-Hall. 131 pp. $4.95.*

Mr. Rosten's touching account of some moments in the life of a very likable Jewish boy growing up in Coney Island is told in fifteen interlocking chapters, each of which deals with a separate event. For his young hero, the troubles of the world—warring parents, a dying grandmother, neighbors permanently afflicted by loneliness and desperation—are fixed and mysterious in their seeming complexity; his own sense of freedom is constantly being brought up short by bars he can't see, but assumes must be there if others seem to be suffering so from their effects. This is a book about people locked into the rituals of their lives by fear and feelings of helplessness; yet the exuberance of its young narrator and its deceptively simple style make it a pleasure to read.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHUANG TZU. *Translated by Burton Watson. Columbia University Press. 397 pp. $10.*

"Each translator who takes up the text will produce his own *Chuang Tzu,* and the more that are available for the reader to enjoy and compare, the better." Burton Watson is a modest man, for the lively and colloquial translation of the ancient Taoist classic which he has produced is, along with his wonderfully straightforward Introduction, a gift for Western readers, even at $10. The *Chuang Tzu* is a handbook for achieving personal freedom in a world of chaos, beckoning the reader to abandon the conventional values which bog him down. With its witty anecdotes, joltingly

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paradoxical dialogues, and the brilliant imagery which Professor Watson has so beautifully rendered into English, it stands as an astonishingly successful assault on our ways of looking at the world. "Joy, anger, grief, delight, worry, regret, fickleness, inflexibility, modesty, willfulness, candor, insolence—music from empty holes, mushrooms springing up in dampness, day and night replacing each other before us, and no one knows where they sprout from. Let it be! Let it be!"

IT'S WINGS THAT MAKE BIRDS FLY: The Story of a Boy. *By Sandra Weiner. 27 black and white photographs by the author. Foreword by Gordon Parks. Pantheon Books. 55 pp. $3.95.*

Based on conversations taped by the author, this photo-story of a year in the life of Otis, a 10-year-old resident of a black urban ghetto, is being published as a children's picture book, but it deserves a broader audience. Otis, whose parents are separated, tells in matter-of-fact fashion how he ran away from the home of one of his grandmothers to live with the other, kinder one; changed schools; effected a similar grandmother switch for a younger brother whom he badly missed; traveled to Baltimore for a Jehovah's Witness convention; disliked a mean teacher, and learned to do fractions with a teacher who cared about him; lived on a "Fresh Air Family" farm one summer, and visited the Statue of Liberty with his class. Gordon Parks, in a terse preface, hopes that Otis "will be allowed to grow up straight," but a note at the end reveals that he was killed in an accident while playing in the street, after his story was written.

GOOD TIMES/BAD TIMES. *By James Kirkwood. Simon & Schuster. 348 pp. $5.95.*

Just as Holden Caulfield (whom Mr. Kirkwood's hero dangerously resembles) has apparently failed to turn on new generations of readers and remains a unique phenomenon of the fifties, so is there something Salingerishly old-fashioned about this rather slick novel of real and imagined homosexuality in a New England prep school. Mr. Kirkwood's first-person narrator has landed in jail as the alleged murderer of his monstrous and pathetic headmaster; the novel takes the form of a letter he is writing to his lawyer to explain what really happened It may be O.K. for the movies (it has already been sold to Hollywood), but this is an oddly unconvincing novel.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

In a severe frame of mind I might argue that the critic's function can be honorably pursued only apropos of masterpieces. He may also serve to expose the gilded fourth rate and the flatulently pretentious. All the rest is vanity.

None of the plays I feel obliged to notice this week fits any of these categories: George Tabori's *The Cannibals* (American Place Theatre) and William Gibson's *A Cry of Players* (Vivian Beaumont) are finely intentioned pieces by honest playwrights. If they fail of important effect it is not for want of trying.

Tabori is obsessed with the horror of Hitlerism. Nearly all his writing deals with Fascist savagery. It would be misguided to suggest that he forgo the subject: he has sufficient reason (a close relative died in a Hungarian concentration camp) to be haunted by it. The moral and social implications of that terror are certainly not a matter of merely "historical" interest. One of the merits of *The Cannibals* is that in it Tabori has disgorged the very essence of that which torments him. He has also strived to make a statement beyond the bloody events.

Even in the midst of hell, Tabori tells us, where because of intense suffering everything becomes possible, a few men are able to retain the remnants of their stature as human beings. The starved inmates of a prison camp choose to go quietly to their death rather than (on the orders of their Nazi overseer) to eat the grotesque fellow prisoner whom most of them have joined in killing. Two men consent to eat, they are the survivors who later become prosperous American citizens.

The fault here is not the atrociousness of the material nor even the fact that we, well fed, who sit in the audience cannot conceive of the hunger pangs that might press people to such brutishness. Tabori mitigates the sheer disgust of the incident by "alienating" the scene through having his characters pause to comment on it and by having all the physical cruelty coldly stylized. What is wrong is that the whole process of his play has been rendered as a naked account of the facts. We may be shocked, we are not moved. It is still another item, fiercer than most, but not different in kind from any of those previously related.

For his play to have accomplished something more than an attack on our nerves, Tabori, who is basically of a gently romantic temperament, should have fleshed his characters, giving them more of the emotional eloquence of which he is capable. As it stands, the play is a diagram of hideousness. The actors grovel, howl, curse and emit obscenities which fail to convey more than vile information—to which within a very short span of time in the theatre we have become inured.

Martin Fried's direction and Wolfgang Roth's setting (resembling a steel-traplike network that a Léger might have designed) are striking enough, but they duplicate the script's shortcomings. They might have given it greater human tex-

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ture if more authentically intimate notes had been introduced instead of bare stage skill.

Gibson's *A Cry of Players* is one of the author's earliest plays. He must have a special attachment to it because it is the work of his youth with clearly autobiographical overtones. He also esteems it because it is written in a cherished mode from which his later plays—*Two for the Seesaw* and *The Miracle Worker*—have departed.

A Cry of Players might be called "The Importance of Being Shakespeare." The haloed Bard was, we know, a genius, and Gibson has tried to imagine what such a genius must have been before anyone could have guessed that he might become one. He marries a "mother" (Anne is 8 years his senior), he loves her sincerely as he does his child, but he is constantly unfaithful and fairly forthright about it. He cannot make his kindly father understand him; he angers his obtuse brother and he is indifferent to a respectable job as a teacher. As a young hellion he engages in poaching, for which he is put in the stocks; and for flouting the ruling Establishment he is publicly flogged. He rails at injustice, is inspired by (Marlowe's) glorious verbiage, and finally learns to humble himself before authority—which is the lesson of discipline. When he abandons his wife and child, perhaps for years, we know that he is prepared to embark on the path to glory.

I could not quite understand many of the lines spoken by Frank Langella as the poet-to-be; whether because of defects in his articulation or because of the unstageworthiness of the words themselves I cannot tell. What I did catch sounded like those a novice employs to be "literary" at all costs. I cannot believe them to have been the early Will's kind of speech, but that of the latter Will's (Gibson's) first writing. The effect is strained and lacks impact. Diffidently I submit that the author's prose —even when spoken by the Gittel of his *Seesaw*—is far more memorable and meaningful than that of his "Shakespeare."

And there is one scene in which husband and wife discuss their mutual infidelities (hers from pique and his from push or avidity for experience) which sounds like the exchange of two students in one of our "advanced" theatre academies after several sessions with a psychoanalyst. To think of it as occurring in the far more rank and ribald Elizabethan days is appalling.

Gene Frankel's direction makes an interesting pageantlike display of the script. Langella looks good and is sympathetic, with a touch of the sensitive "feminine" which is presumed to foreshadow the creative person. Anne Bancroft, an actress with a rooted reality and a firmness of fiber in her voice and being, wants only the right part and auspices to release the womanly power which abides in her. Stephen Elliott as the local Governor is helpfully impressive in the crucial encounter with Will, and Susan Tyrrell is carnally warm as the wench with whom he cuddles.

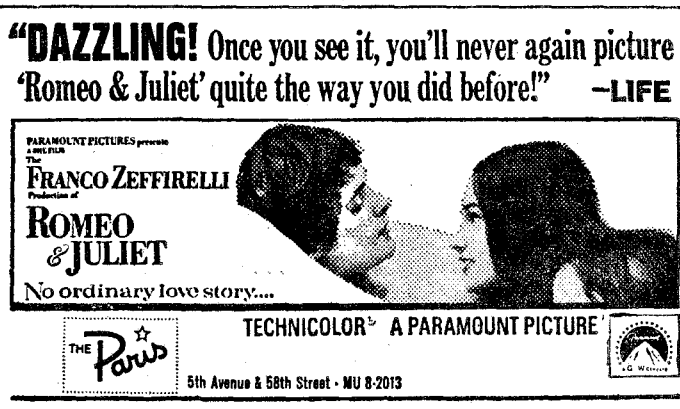
I have often maintained that while musical comedy as a generic product is the unique achievement of our stage, very few individual examples match the best of Offenbach, Gilbert and Sullivan, or Brecht-Weill, though their works are not, strictly speaking, "musicals." One reason for this is that our efforts in this area are vast corporate affairs, the initial impulse for which is largely commercial.

Still we have produced some "darned good shows" in this form, and *Zorba* (at the Imperial), adapted from the novel by

SPIDER

It's winter. A leftover spider
has spun a web between the screen
and the storm window. More than a web,
a caul, a winding-sheet, a gift of silk
through which the weak sun strains.
Except to a weaver, perhaps, his steps
are irretraceable: imprisoned without prey,
still he spun himself out.
Wizened and brittle on the sill,
he left me something beautiful,
a note of sorts, a testimony, a will
written in a weakening hand, a shawl
impractical though remarkable
for its slipped stitches
where dying dimmed his skill.

DORA SHERWOOD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Nikos Kazantzakis, with an intelligent "book" by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, is the latest of these. It is an unqualified hit.

The basic story is sound, robust, hearty, amusing and perhaps touching. The toughness and rich boisterousness of peasant life in a village in Crete (*anno* 1924) provide a colorful background. The story's theme may be set down, solemnly, as the joyous drama and brave acceptance of the harsh facts of life.

The show has been admirably engineered by Harold Prince in what must have been blood, sweat and tears to make a fine package of entertainment. Besides the rousing fun and gay instrumentation plus "personality" of the Bouzouki circle in present-day Piraeus, which constitutes the framework of the tale itself, there is a vigorously attractive performance by Hershel Bernardi, ably seconded by Maria Karnilova and John Cunningham; the striking presence and agreeably shrill voice of Lorraine Serabian; some come-hither girls, and a great number of splendidly muscular and kinetic men. But above all is the triumph of Boris Aronson's scenic artistry, at once spectacularly theatrical and real through the astute employment of modern sculptural effects. These envelop the proceedings in a rough atmosphere which still remains wittily sophisticated, handsome and efficient.

In short, while no depths are stirred, no heights attained, the pastime is ample and of good vintage.

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

BACH: Cantatas 79, 80. Soloists, Süddeutsche Madrigalchor. Consortium Musicum; Wolfgang Gönnenwein, cond. Odeon SME 91659 (stereo). $5.79.

Cantatas 126, 149. Same performers. Odeon SME 91659 (stereo) $5.79.

Cantatas 140, 148. Same performers. Odeon SME 91658 (stereo). $5.79.

Cantatas 137, 190. Soloists, Windsbacher Knabenchor, Consortium Musicum; Hans Thamm, cond. Odeon SME 91605 (stereo). $5.79.

Cantatas 51, 202. Agnes Giebel, soprano; Concerto Amsterdam. Telefunken SAWT 9513 (stereo). $5.95.

Cantata 198. Soloists, Monteverdi Chorus of Hamburg, Concerto Amsterdam; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9496 (stereo). $5.95.

Just what remains more or less unheard in the corpus of Bach's cantatas may be guessed from the fact that three of the works in this recent batch (Nos. 126, 148 and 190) are apparently first recordings, and two others (137 and 149) are not otherwise available at present. All of these are works of quality, with the two on Odeon 91605 being exceptional examples of Bach's use of chorale melodies in juxtaposition with different rates of textural motion—a procedure most highly developed in the well-known examples of Cantatas 80 (*Ein feste Burg*) and 140 (*Wachet auf*), but also present in other works not ostensibly chorale-oriented.

Unfortunately, the performances on the Odeon records offer only minimal subtlety, chugging along in unvaried semi-legato articulation with little regard for phrasing or textural clarity. Thamm's choir is further handicapped by the use of boys, and the overly spacious recorded sound doesn't help much either. Even in the generally capable solo singing, one doesn't find much regard for the specific details of a given phrase, and there is often resort to strenuous "selling" of the music in lieu of projecting its particular qualities.

By contrast, the Amsterdam-originated Telefunken disks display variety of articulation, aptness of phrasing, and a considerable feeling for the contrapuntal interplay of lines. Although Giebel is occasionally overcome by the rigorous coloratura in Cantata 51, the playing of the violins in the chorale movement of that work, as well as nearly every aspect of the Wedding Cantata (No. 202), is musically and stylistically on a superior level. The elaborately scored Funeral Ode (No. 198) is done with equal distinction and is recorded with a transparent spaciousness that keeps the lines clear. These people know more about things like ornaments and double-dotting than the Germans, but it is what they know about melodic structure and harmonic motion that makes the performances good; doubtless both stylistic and musical elegance are related to the presence, as continuo player, of Gustav Leonhardt, perhaps the most distinguished performer of baroque music today (his most recent solo disk, of Louis Couperin and d'Anglebert suites, on Victrola VICS-1370, is a fine example of the subtle use of rhythmic flow as an articulative technique in keyboard music of this period).

HANDEL: *Solomon*. Soloists, Vienna Jeunesse Chorus, Vienna Volksoper Orchestra; Stephen Simon, cond. RCA LSC 6187 (stereo). $17.37.

Ode for St. Cecilia's Day. Soloists, Choir of King's College (Cambridge), Acad-

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emy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; David Willcocks, cond. Argo ZRG-563 (stereo). $5.95.

Handel rarely attempts the contrapuntal or harmonic density found in Bach's cantatas, but when he exerts himself, as in the elaborate (up to eight parts) choruses of *Solomon*, the resulting effects of sonority and variety are most impressive. Beecham's recording of this work was badly flawed by misconceived abridgment and reordering, and by grotesque reorchestration; this new version, only slightly cut, makes no egregious stylistic errors but does achieve the one thing Beecham never managed—monotony. Aside from some good solo singing (notably by Alexander Young, who commands an almost heroic coloratura technique), most of this album is a disaster: an amateur chorus of heavy sound and fuzzy enunciation; a sloppy orchestral ensemble (probably only once removed from reading at sight); a routiner at the helm. This music is less "specific," more "open" than Bach's, more oriented in terms of sonority and melodic charm—aspects that are thoroughly traduced in this reading, which is thus far more damaging than the least successful of the Bach recordings discussed above. It is bewildering that someone should have gone so far as to arrange for this much needed recording and then failed to supply the most necessary ingredients.

The earlier setting of Dryden's ode is a more schematized, Purcellian work; as with a fine episode in the third act of *Solomon*, the subject matter of the text is music itself, which here stimulates Handel to ingenuities more textural than structural, such as a soprano aria with cello obbligato. Aside from the handicap of boy sopranos and altos in the chorus (the altos boosted by a few strained tenors, with the disconcerting result that their low-lying lines sound "high"), this is a stylish and lively performance, with an excellent tenor (Ian Partridge) and a capable soprano (April Cantelo).

RAVEL: *Boléro.* Lamoureux Orchestra; Maurice Ravel, cond. *Chansons madécasses.* Madeleine Grey, soprano; ensemble conducted by Ravel. *Pavane; La Vallée des cloches.* Maurice Ravel, piano. Turnabout TV 4256 (mono). $2.50.

The Vox-Turnabout series of composer recordings started rather unfortunately last year with a poor performance of Bartók's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion, played by the composer and his wife and apparently dubbed from the worst possible copy of that occasionally interesting but often chaotic radio broadcast. This Ravel disk is not much of an improvement, but for different reasons. To begin with, the piano pieces are almost certainly taken from rather primitive piano rolls, but no mention of this is made anywhere on the jacket or label. Now piano rolls by a composer have certain points of interest to specialists, but only rarely are they convincing as performances; the present ones leave you wondering how a man who played these pieces so mechanically could possibly have written them.

Then there is the *Boléro*, a remarkable study in orchestration if a completely uninteresting piece of music (a disparity that Ravel was perfectly aware of), as recorded nearly four decades ago in one of those telephone booths that the French record companies used to use for studios. Given the nature of the piece, only a conductor or similar student of performance practice would find any particular interest in such an antique: most of the orchestrational subtlety is hardly to be heard at all, and Vox have applied a strong filter to reduce surface noise, thereby further reducing the timbral content of the sound (they have also apparently dubbed from an off-center copy of the 78s, introducing an unpleasant "wow"); the dynamic range necessary to encompass the fifteen-minute crescendo is simply nonexistent.

There are some interesting details in the performance, however, such as the phrasing of the tenor saxophone and trombone solos, which are played in a jazzy style that nobody today attempts to imitate; this is an important historical document, and should be available—but documents should be presented with care and clearly marked as such, not carelessly slapped onto disks to turn a fast buck.

The final item, the *Chansons madécasses* sung by Madeleine Grey, is a superb performance even today: fortunately, it can be obtained in a better dubbing on Angel COLC-152, which also contains the same singer's performance of the *Three Hebraic Songs* (with Ravel at the piano) and the famous *Songs of the Auvergne* as arranged by Canteloube. Incidentally, according to the very complete documentation with the Angel disk, Ravel only conducts the *Chansons*, and does not play the piano part as stated on the Vox jacket.

The moral of this is very simple: many phonograph recordings are important documents in the history of musical performance, and apparently need to be not only preserved but also protected from the misdemeanors of their commercial proprietors. If there are to be elaborate subsidized productions of correct texts of literary works (and of authentic scores to musical works, for that matter), why not proper re-editions of obviously significant recordings?

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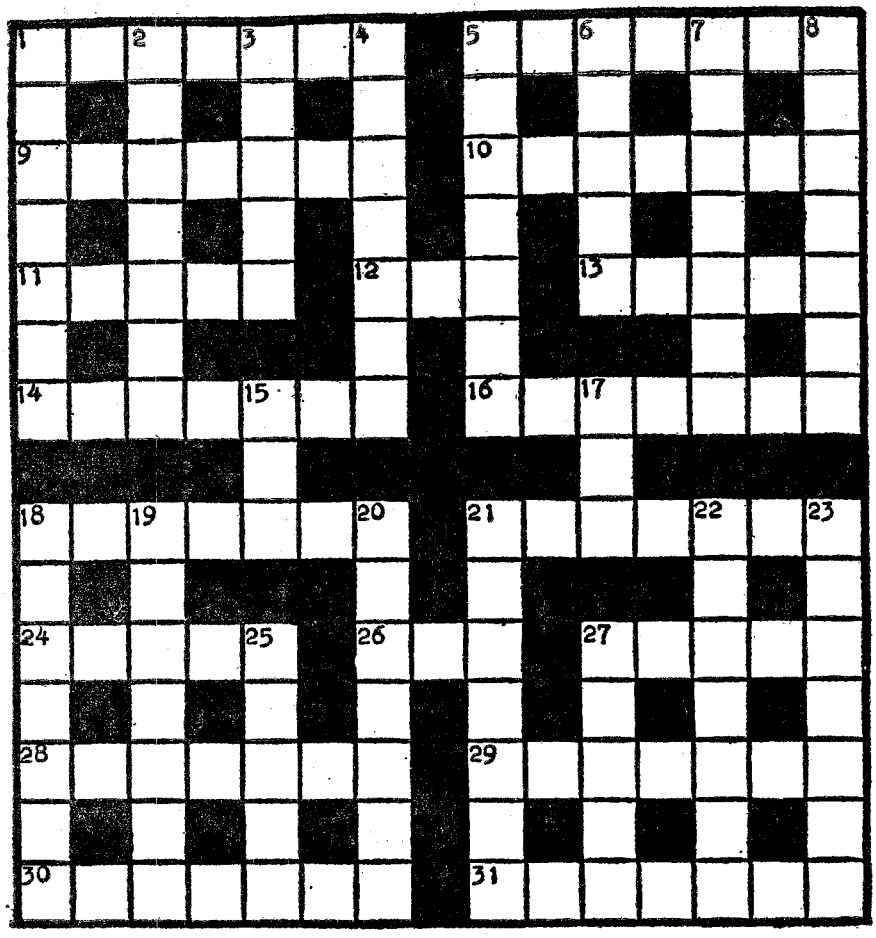
Crossword Puzzle No. 1274

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Dutch Guiana in total might have a rain storm. (7)
5 and 4 down Only one-third effective as a stopper? (7,7)
9 One inclined to set about the right beginning? Obviously! (7)
10 A supporter of T. Lester, it seems. (7)
11 In the manner of Antarctica, rather than most of a Mediterranean spot. (5)
12, 15 and 17 down and 27 across What William started finds not one person to study the pursuit. (6,8)
14 and 13 across Many a passage might have something to hold things like this. (7,5)
16 Produced electric activity. (7)
18 Top fishermen might use one. (7)
21 The rather uncertain end lies in what might produce oil. (7)
24 It might go around the neck like a pallet. (5)
26 See 27 down
27 See 12 across
28 Retiring types might look forward to it. (7)
29 Those who shorten certain kinds of cigarettes? (7)
30 The record type might be diamond. (7)
31 Not to sow back around it indicates the answer. (7)

DOWN

1 Brilliant remarks made on excursions? (7)
2 Grasp. (7)
3 Traditional sailor's mate in town? (5)
4 See 5 across
5 Housman is about to begin a moon association with her! (7)
6 Equivalent to 13, but not all in a body. (7)
7 Commit in confidence. (7)
8 Traveled—by wagon, originally. (7)
15 and 17 See 12 across
18 Honest, there isn't any good man for the equivalent. (7)
19 Burn up, or burnt up? (7)
20 Sends back the red man's case. (7)
21 Did Herculean work. (7)
22 The height of the day before all else. (7)
23 Doesn't act like the abiding type. (7)
25 Might it involve "The Case of the Hairless Tribunal"? (5)
27 and 26 across Mercutio said she gallops through lovers' brains. (5,3)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1273

ACROSS: 1 and 12 Diminishing returns; 9 Pawnshop; 10 School; 11 and 25 Welcome mats; 14 Tannin; 15 Centaurs; 17 Measured; 22 Straits; 24 Abigail; 27 Attended; 29 Adversaries. DOWN: 2 and 20 Innocents Abroad; 3 Inhuman; 4 Imps; 5 Has-been; 6 and 26 Nehru Jacket; 7 Galena; 8 Corner; 13 Scads; 16 Arrogance; 18 Extras; 19 Retitle; 20 Arbiter; 21 Abides; 23 Asked.

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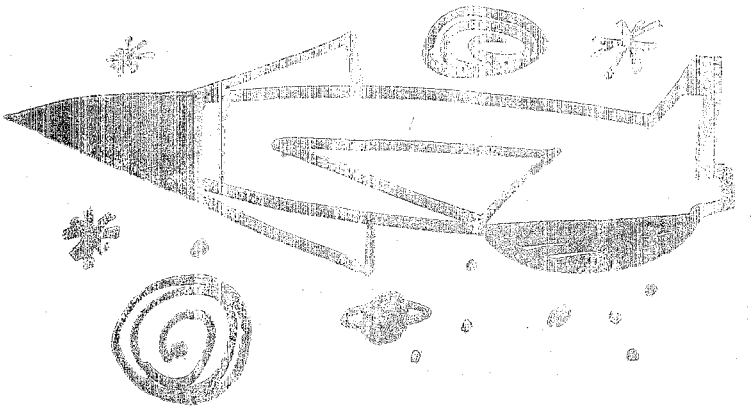

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